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Together

Nepal—Atop the World

▶ Too Soft With Delinquents?

The Trick Is to Treat

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

October 1959



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The Great Physician: Sallman's gifted brush captures on canvas a miracle, Christ's healing of the paralytic of Capernaum.

Christ by Sallman: Two More Views



Warner Sallman

CHRISTIANS throughout the world know and love the artistry of Warner Sallman. His *Head of Christ* is perhaps the most famous portrait of the Master ever painted [see October, 1956, page 46]. Two of this great American artist's more recent works are *The Great Physician* and *Thine Is the*

Power, which TOGETHER takes pride in bringing to readers on these pages.

The Great Physician depicts in oils the lowering of a paralytic through the roof of a Capernaum home where Jesus was preaching (Mark 2:1-12), the start of one of the great New Testament miracles. The original, commissioned by Rolfe O. Wagner, former president of the Iowa Methodist Hospital, Des Moines, now hangs in the lobby of that institution.

Sallman's mastery of detail makes the painting almost literally speak its story. The central figure of Jesus is

surrounded by 72 others, each face registering a different shade of emotion.

In the center foreground is Peter, the organizer as usual, holding back the crowd. In the lower right corner and left center are scribes scheming to trap Jesus in a transgression of the law.

In contrast to *The Great Physician*, the painting, *Thine Is the Power* "smacks," as Mr. Sallman puts it, "of modern abstract influence." He explains the work in terms of a shower of light emanating from the throne of God and breaking up into multicolored refractions in the spiraling rings of the heavens. Infused within the whole message is the cross. In this work, the dedicated artist has explained, he is seeking to present "an allegory of symphonic praise on canvas."

Thine Is the Power: Here the artist chose a style influenced by modern abstract forms of art. Each detail is based upon biblical verse, the whole forming "a hymn of praise!"



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29 And immediately he^e left the synagogue, and entered the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John. ³⁰ Now Simon's mother-in-

1.29-31: Mt
8.14-15: Lk
4.38-39

1.29: Mt 4.21:
Mk 1.21

2 And when he returned to Caper'na-um after some days, it was reported that he was at home. ²And many were gathered together,

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Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

FIVE YEARS or so ago we sat in a glass-enclosed office near Huntsville, Ala., and talked to Dr. Wernher von Braun, the rocket expert, about world peace, space platforms, and his long-time dream of reaching the moon and the nearer planets. We asked the father of the V-2 flying bomb why he and 116 other top German scientists chose to flee from Peenemünde rocket base near the end of World War II—not toward advancing Russians, but to a rendezvous with American officers.

"As time goes by," von Braun said, "I realize that it was a moral decision we made at Peenemünde, that somehow we sensed that the secrets should get only into the hands of people who read the Bible."

Not all German scientists could make that decision, so the Russians put the first unmanned satellite into space, even as von Braun predicted. But because, in part, of the 117 who made the choice, America has not been left out of the running in the race into space.

In his *Missiles and Civilization* on page 14, you'll catch a revealing glimpse into the faith of the man who told us, "The happiest and most significant day in my life was when I became an American citizen."

"As they learn, ever more, their heads are bowing down, ever more, in adoration," writes John C. Monsma in his preface to *The Evidence of God in an Expanding Universe* (Putnam, \$3.75), a book in which 40 American scientists declare their affirmative views on religion. The rift between science and religion seems to be closing rapidly. Howard J. Clinebell, Jr., whose *Star Gazing* [page 65] is this month's *Hobby Alley* feature, is associate professor of pastoral counseling at the Southern California School of Theology. Astronomy, he says, has served to affirm his faith in an Almighty Power.

There is no by-line on *My Daughter Takes the Veil* [page 29]. "It would be cruel if the truth of our feelings were to get to our daughter, who doesn't suspect we are grieving for her," writes the mother who penned this moving article. And so we are respecting her wish to remain anonymous.

Our Cover: This shot of the UN building, symbol of mankind's hope for peace, is the work of John G. Ross. He has taken some flowers, the East River, and the New York skyline at sunset and woven them into a photograph that is timely for UN Week, October 18-24.

—YOUR EDITORS

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Editor: Leland D. Case • **Managing Editor:** Fred R. Zepp •
Art Editor: Floyd A. Johnson • **Associate Editors:** Helen
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tributing Editors: Newmon S. Cryer, Jr., T. Otto Noll,
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Letters

Josh Kuduntve Dun Better

BOBBY HAYES
Olney, Tex.

I hav a kriticisim for Mr. Josh Billings [*Methodist Almanack*, June, 1959, page 70]. I wuld lik to inform yu thet mr. Billings kant spel rite.

Re: Badger Clark Books

J. MARSHALL PORTER
Cumberland, Md.

I especially liked Paige Carlin's article, *Badger Clark, 'Poet Lariat' of the West* [August, 1959, page 45], and the latter's poem, *A Cowboy's Prayer*. Where can I obtain books or a collection of Badger Clark's poetry?

Badger Clark's best-known book, Sun and Saddle Leather, is out of print. But Dakota Wesleyan University at Mitchell, S.Dak., now has a few copies available at \$5 apiece. Proceeds are to be used for a memorial to its distinguished alumnus.—Eds.

Enjoys Clark's Poems

MRS. ORA CARNEY
Altona, Ill.

I was thrilled to see that lovely two-page color picture with Badger Clark's *Cowboy's Prayer* and then to look further and see that the article about him by Paige Carlin had excerpts of some of Mr. Clark's other poems. Poetry is so soothing to some of us readers that I hope you can make room for more. I also hope you sometime use *The Captain's Well* by Whittier.

Watch for Ides of October

JOSEPHINE MILLER
Plainfield, N.J.

TOGETHER is interesting from the letters—which often startle and amaze me—to the very last page. The pictures are worth the price of the subscription.

We Methodists certainly are varied and independent in our thinking—I hope it is thinking—and feel free to express our views. I sometimes wish Methodists knew more about what Wesley taught and what the church stands for. Maybe your magazine could do something to give Methodists a better knowledge and understanding of their church and its great aims. Too many people I meet have such hazy notions about our church.

Thank you, Miss Miller. Our best answer is to watch for the ides of Octo-

ber—i.e., the 15th, when you should have the November issue commemorating 175 years of organized Methodism in the U.S.—Eds.

Churches Failed Her 3 Times

MRS. J. JAMES SLAVIN
Ogunquit, Me.

I was delighted to read *Should Church Doors Be Kept Unlocked?* [July, 1959, page 33]. This is a subject close to my heart. Three times in my life I have met with a definite need to enter into God's house for communion with him; each time the doors have been locked. These were three different churches. I can hardly tell you the depression that came over me at those times.

S.S. 'SOS' from Okinawa

MRS. D. K. ENGLUND
Chicago, Ill.

Okinawa is one of the more recent fields of Methodist missionary endeavor, co-operating with the Church of the Disciples. A letter from the field treasurer, Walter W. Krider, Naha, Okinawa, reveals he would welcome "children's S. S. pictures."

Surely many churches with an abundance of pictures stored on their shelves will be glad to share them with the teachers in Okinawa. And I'm sure many readers could spare back copies of TOGETHER.

Presbyterians Enjoy Swims, Too

MRS SYDNEY A. BONNAFFON
Monrovia, Calif.

I am enclosing a cover taken from our church [*Southern California Presbyterian*] magazine. I wanted you to have it, because you were criticized for



a certain cover [July, 1957]. Remember? So from this you can see that the Methodists and Presbyterians are not so far apart in what they consider proper or wholesome.

Bomb Saved Lives . . .

FRANK HERRON SMITH
Glendale, Calif.

Lawyer Morgan's comment in *Letters* [August, 1959, page 6] about Jesus, the atom bomb, and Hiroshima interested me. Since 1905 I have been a Japanese missionary. I would have told the little girl that Jesus does not like bombs, and that he did not ride with the Japanese who bombed sleeping Honolulu early December 7, 1941. The leader in that dastardly attack, Capt. Mitsuo Fuchida, later repented and became a Christian evangelist.

I believe our bombs of August 6 and 9, 1945 (Hiroshima and Nagasaki), at long last aroused the Emperor to defy the militarists and give his momentous broadcast of August 14, which shook Japan more than all the bombs and stopped the war. The Americans were already set to land at several places. Terrible bloodshed and the loss of perhaps millions of lives was avoided. My own son was in the division which would have been the first to land. He was born at Nagasaki.

He Views It With Alarm

ARTHUR R. THIEL
Madison, Wis.

It was with great regret—and alarm—that I read in *Newsletter* [July, 1959, page 11] that the Rev. John B. Hawes was requesting the creation of a Congressional commission to provide guidance in the problem of rural churches.

It seems the Church is circumventing its basic responsibilities and is deteriorating when it becomes dependent on government for the solution of its problems. Perhaps it would be better for the government to look to the Church for guidance rather than the Church looking to government.

Faith Is 'An Assurance'

MRS. ADOLPH PEITZMEYER
Wilmington, Ill.

I am confused by Mrs. Bascom's conception of prayer [*Letters*, July, 1959, page 6]. Is it selfish to ask for the welfare of a loved one? Jesus healed, and even raised from death, the loved ones of those who asked in faith. He has told us to ask and we will receive. If we have faith to believe that Christ will answer our prayers, that very faith will be an assurance that our askings will not be selfish.

We Love Our Billy

MRS. ORVILLE D. EDWARDS
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

I've read with interest Dr. Barbour's advice about retarded children in *Teens Together* [April, 1959, page 45]. When our Billy was three months old, we learned that he was a Mongoloid. When he was just a little over 13

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months old, we put him in an institution. The nurses seemed to love him, but he was always in the hospital. So we took him home.

Billy, now three, goes to Sunday school with normal children, who look after him with protective kindness. We still enjoy him more than ever. He's our baby; he loves us, and we love our Billy. I know that there is pity when people first know the trouble with him, but when they know him they enjoy him quite naturally. I believe that he may be able to attend special classes for his first school years, but then, eventually, we will have to give him up.

Mt. Shuksan—An Inspiration

MRS. MAY WARRICK
Beverly Hills, Calif.

I wish to express to you my keen enjoyment of 'My Country 'tis of Thee' [July, 1959, page 36]—especially the color photograph of Mt. Shuksan in the Cascades. To me this picture is a beautiful inspiration. I have it framed and in the place of honor in my room.

Your magazine is a treasure. Our First Methodist Church treats the membership with each issue. I have been a member over 50 years and profoundly thank the sponsors of this publication for its beauty and helpfulness.

She's for Powwowing!

MRS. JOHN SIMON
Watertown, Wis.

TOGETHER is a fine magazine, ministering to the vast majority of Methodists in a positive and creative way. Keep up the controversial *Powwows*. Issues of national and world importance definitely belong in a church-family magazine. We need to think of these things in the light of the Christian Gospel.

I don't always like or agree with everything in TOGETHER, but if I did it would hardly be worth reading.

Flowers . . . 'Loving Hands'

MRS. J. M. HESS
Sand Springs, Okla.

I read with great interest your powwow on *Flowers and Funerals*, since this year I attended the funeral of my beloved father.

In my more inexperienced days, I declared funerals to be pagan affairs. Even my father had asked that, instead of sending flowers to his funeral, people give to the Heart Fund. But do you know how I felt when the family came into the church and the front of the church was covered with flowers?

It was as if all the loving hands and hearts in the community were reaching out to help in my desperate hour of need.

Flowers Here for a Purpose

MRS. O. K. EVENSON
Waupaca, Wis.

Many ministers, I see, have written hot letters to TOGETHER about sending flowers to bereaved ones to express sympathy [see *Flowers and Funerals*, August, 1959, page 22].

But to me, Christ's placing of all the wonderful flowers on earth was done for a purpose. I have learned, through the death of my son and my husband, how much they can mean.

Why Not Beauty at Funerals?

RICHARD DUNN, Associate Minister
New Philadelphia, Ohio

Some letters in TOGETHER bother me. They refer to an advertisement about flowers at funerals [*Flowers and Funerals*]. It seems to me that this idea about putting the money to better use is foolish. If we believe this, then we should worship in drab churches with no beautiful sanctuaries.

Flower Bank for Churches

MRS. E. J. MOWER
Neosho, Mo.

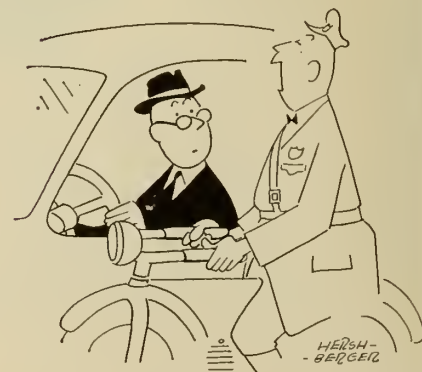
In reference to your discussion of *Flowers and Funerals*, I wish to present the plan I used when my husband passed away.

I requested florists to tell those who wished to send flowers to leave the order with them to be used at a later time for flowers in our church. This did not deprive the florists of business, and I received much happiness from it. My suggestion would be to have contributions made to a memorial flower fund so our churches might at all times have flowers for their regular services.

A Memorial Instead of Funeral

MRS. MARILYN STOUT
Sunapee, N.H.

Flowers need not be excluded from memorial services. Better to exclude that last glimpse of the departed's face,



"How about cutting down the speed and shortening the sermon today, Reverend?"

no longer animated in life; better to destroy the laws which demand a casket of a particular quality and price; better to cast off the tradition that demands that the leave-taking of a person from this world be attended with much of the pomp and circumstance associated with college graduations.

The most beautiful service I have attended was a memorial service for the wife of a Methodist minister. It was quiet and dignified; the body, with its reminders of recent pain and suffering, had been more quietly laid away a day or so before. The friends who spoke of the departed one were a district superintendent's wife and two ministers. They recalled memories of happy, useful days.

Help for the Small Fryers

ELIZABETH SHAFFER

Bradford, Pa.

We enjoy TOGETHER very much. Of late, our Sunday-school kindergarten has been putting into use many of your Small Fry suggestions. All of them turn out wonderfully!

Warm Gracias from Chile

STAN MOORE, Pastor

Escuela Agrícola "El Vergel"

Angol, Chile

Greetings from your Methodist brethren in Chile! As do Methodists the world over, we thoroughly enjoy your (beg your pardon—our) monthly magazine. Even our Chilean brethren who cannot read English appreciate TOGETHER.

Thank you for your efforts which bring us TOGETHER. We Methodist missionaries at "El Vergel" are proud to be a part of you, as you are a part of us.

A Catholic Speaks Up

JOHN W. McDANIEL

Baltimore, Md.

The news item on Pope John's proposed ecumenical council [July, 1959, page 69] stated that the Eastern Orthodox Church would not participate unless the entire Christian world were represented.

As a Roman Catholic, I would like to make one point that the article did not explain. An ecumenical council of the Catholic Church, with the Pope's approval, makes decisions binding on all Catholics. Therefore, it would be foolish to have non-Catholics help decide what Catholics should do or believe.

I am quite sure that you would not want Archbishop Keough of Baltimore or any other Catholic, or group of Catholics, to be active delegates at one of your Methodist Jurisdictional Conferences.

Although an ecumenical council by



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1 package Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
2½ cups Bisquick
2 tablespoons melted margarine or butter
¼ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon

sharp knife crosswise into strips about one inch wide. Twist each strip. Seal ends. Place in pan 1½ inches apart. Cover. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Bake at 400° F. about 20 minutes. Invert pan immediately.



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Gordon MacDonald of Maine, a school teacher who earns \$6,000 yearly after school hours and during the summer.

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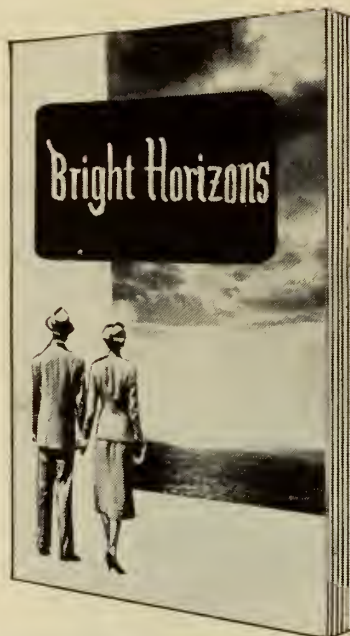
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You fulfill the Lord's command to go into all the world when you put your dollars into The Annuity Plan. Both in this country (National Missions) and abroad (World Missions) you will be feeding the hungry, healing the sick, clothing the naked and winning souls to Christ.



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Board of Missions of THE METHODIST CHURCH, 150 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.
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Dear Treasurer: Please send me a copy of "Bright Horizons" showing steady and dependable high level returns from THE ANNUITY PLAN.

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definition is a council of the whole Christian world, the Catholic Church calls her councils ecumenical because she recognizes only one Christian church—the Holy Roman Catholic Church. . . .

Your July issue was the first I ever read. I enjoyed it very much.

Who's the Author?

EDWARD J. THOMAS
Mentor, Ohio

Thank you for *And Sudden Death* [June, 1959, page 13]. As an insurance agent, I have only one suggestion to make: it should have been printed in red.

Enclosed is a poem I found in a shop newspaper, the *Ken-news*. The author is unknown.

"If Everyone . . ."

If everyone who drives a car
Could lie a month in bed,
With broken bones and stitched-up
wounds,
Or fractures of the head,
And there endure the agonies
That many people do,
They'd never need preach safety
Any more to me or you.
If everyone could stand beside
The bed of some close friend
And hear the doctor say, "No hope,"
Before the fatal end,
And see him there unconscious,
Never knowing what took place,
The laws and rules of traffic,
I'm sure we'd soon embrace.
If everyone could meet
The wife and children left behind
And step into the darkened home
Where once the sunlight shined,
And look upon the "Vacant Chair"
Where Daddy used to sit,
I am sure each reckless driver
Would be forced to think a bit.
If everyone who takes the wheel
Would say a little prayer,
And keep in mind those in the car
Depending on his care,
And make a vow and pledge himself
To never take a chance,
The Great Crusade for Safety
Would suddenly advance.

Bouquet from Saudi Desert

MRS. ROBERT C. BROWN
Arabian American Oil Company
Dhahran, Saudi Arabia

I've been wanting to write to you for some time to say that your beautiful color pictures, especially of landscapes, are a welcome sight to desert weary eyes. We've lived here 11 years, but I'm constantly reminded of my growing-up years in Ohio when I see such scenes as the picture with *I Would Still Plant My Apple Tree* [April, 1959, page 35].

There is always something of special interest in *TOGETHER* for each member of my family of six.

We have a fellowship group here representing more than 25 denominations. Many are from India. A fine publication such as ours makes one want to belong to the large church family it represents.

Together / NEWSLETTER

TIME TO REVISE MARSHALL PLAN. Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of Philadelphia, back from a six-week tour of Europe, believes it is time for the U.S. to take a new look at the Marshall Plan for economic aid. "Prosperity is rapidly returning to England and Europe," he says.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP AT NEW HIGH. The National Council of Churches reports the membership of 251 religious bodies of all faiths in the U.S. in 1958 totaled 109.5 million, or a gain of five per cent over 1957. Of the total, Protestants claim 61.5 million, and Roman Catholics, 39.5 million.

PROCLAIMS NATIONAL DAY OF PRAYER. October 7 has been designated by President Eisenhower as a National Day of Prayer when all Americans should "give thanks for the bounty of Providence which has made possible the growth and promise of our land."

CONTINUED TAX EXEMPTIONS DANGEROUS. The Stated Clerk of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, warns that indefinite continuation of church tax exemptions will jeopardize not only the stability of the government but could in time lead to revolutionary expropriation of church properties.

IS AMERICA FORGETTING GOD? A warning that America is in danger of becoming "a nation that forgot God" was given Southeastern Jurisdiction laymen recently by Bishop Arthur J. Moore of Atlanta. One evidence of this, he said, is that "the Sabbath is now more of a holiday than a holy day."

HONOR MINISTER AND LAYMAN. Old St. George's Church in Philadelphia [see Three Historic Methodist Churches, June, 1959, page 37] will celebrate the 190th anniversary of its first meeting in its present building November 24 by awarding its first annual St. George's Award to the minister and layman who have made the most outstanding contribution to the work of The Methodist Church.

BIBLE POPULAR. A shipment of Bibles, donated by the American Bible Society for display, had to be flown to the U.S. Exhibition in Moscow to replace copies removed by visitors or damaged by constant handling.

(More church news on page 68)



You can lend a hand on the campus!

Through church-supported colleges, universities, theological schools, and Wesley Foundations, The Methodist Church is providing Christian education to thousands of America's future leaders.

You may share in this work through an annuity gift to the General Board of Education.

Under the annuity gift plan, our Board pays a lifetime annuity to donors of any amount invested from \$100 up. After the annuity obligation has been fulfilled, the principal becomes a part of the permanent funds of the Board for its work in Christian education.

This provides the donor a dependable lifetime income (for himself or for another) ranging up to 7.4 per cent, depending upon the annuitant's age. Tax deductions may be taken on the principal and on the income.

An annuity gift makes a safe and profitable investment. It contributes to a work that endures. A copy of our booklet, "The Joy of a Lasting Gift," which fully explains our annuity gift plan, will be sent you on request.

TREASURER,
GENERAL BOARD OF EDUCATION
THE METHODIST CHURCH
P. O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn.



“Because I was always scolding,
my doctor started me on Postum!”

“Guess I was pretty awful, always telling the kids to hush.
But I felt so edgy that their noise made me want to scream.

“Finally I went to the doctor. He said my trouble might
be too much coffee. Some people can’t take all the caffeine
in coffee all the time without upsetting their nervous system.
He suggested I try Postum instead because Postum is 100%
caffeine-free . . . can’t upset anyone’s nerves.

“I tried Postum for 30 days, like he said. And did it help!
I was more relaxed all day, slept better all night, too. And
Postum tastes good. Why don’t you try Instant Postum for
30 days? You’ll keep right on drinking it because you’ll
like the way it tastes and the way you feel.”

Postum



is 100% coffee-free

A product of General Foods



We Laymen Have a Charge to Keep

By CHARLES P. TAFT



Mr. Taft, a leading Cincinnati attorney and ex-mayor, is a former president of the Federal Council of Churches.

AGAIN AND AGAIN we hear that this day of wrath calls for a spiritual revival, with the church of Christ as its fundamental resource. Conflict between men and nations, apparent abandonment of long-revered moral and ethical standards, and conflict within the Church itself demand Christian inspiration.

What is it that the Church is supposed to offer us laymen facing critical issues in daily life? If Christian beliefs are really essential, how can they help us face up to pressing problems at home and abroad?

Among doctrines shared by most Protestants is one which is as fresh today as it was in the early days of the Reformation. Our Protestant predecessors insisted on the royal priesthood of the whole body of Christian believers. Through Jesus, they said, each person has a direct approach to God, without intervention of priest or saint.

This is the almost mystical conviction that somehow, in some way, on issues that are basic, individual souls can come to conclusions which in the long run will indeed work something of the will of God. This requires the venture of faith for each of us that this will of God may perhaps be spoken by someone else, even someone we don't especially care for. By this receptive colloquy, our world could be made into a community of individual children of God who, if given a chance to understand the choices, would want his will to prevail. This belief is clearly the basis for the development of political democracy as we Americans understand it.

We Christians follow a Master who gave us a counsel of perfection. That ideal of perfect living is the fascinating goal that wins the allegiance

and lifelong effort of every true Christian. But our immediate concern is not usually how to establish God's kingdom on earth today, tomorrow, or next week. In fact, the theologians tell us this is not permitted to us sinful humans in this world. Our daily problem is how to produce that step at a time that moves toward the goal for which we long.

This humility in searching for God's will, and this willingness to take short steps so long as they are forward, is sometimes condemned as "compromise." But this kind of compromise is what might almost be called an invention which grew throughout Protestantism in the small, independent congregations of the 16th and 17th centuries and made democracy possible. It was arrived at by devoted Christians in the days when the Reformation was not history, but a living, dynamic reality.

Each layman has a charge to keep: to listen for the voice of God speaking personally to him. But he must listen, too, for the possibility that the same voice speaks through others. My thesis is a paraphrase of what Jesus told us are the two great commandments: "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind; and your neighbor as yourself" (Luke 10:27).

We can find solutions for today's pressing problems if we hold firmly to our belief in the divine capacity of human personalities, in direct touch with God, to work out the needed answers together. We must realize that God may be using other men also, with beliefs somewhat different from ours, as his instruments in achieving his eternal plans.



By WERNHER VON BRAUN

World-renowned rocket pioneer
and developer of U.S. missiles

Missiles and Civilization

*Does man belong in space? A famous scientist
who's opening the way answers: 'Yes!'*

ONE by-product of the ongoing missile race between Russia and the U.S. is an increasing hesitancy among many conscientious Americans about the rightness of venturing into space. A feeling appears to be growing that perhaps man has no business trying to extend his domain beyond earthly limitations—that space exploration is an affront to God.

This feeling is a natural outcome of the military orientation given to all discussion of space penetration and rocket research. But it ignores one basic lesson of human history: *technology is the key to liberating*

man from his bondage to physical labor so that he may devote himself to the development of his mind and spirit. And space travel is the ultimate development in technology.

During the first half of the 20th century we came to accept mechanization so completely that we had pretty much stopped thinking about the implications of each new advance. Then came the first satellite—launched by a military and political rival—and suddenly we questioned everything in our society: educational system, industrial strength, international policy, defense strategy and

forces, our science and technology, and even our people's moral fiber.

Technology became the subject of great public concern. But all this concern was directed toward our military safety; before long technology, in the public mind, became almost synonymous with defense.

In the field of rocketry, competition now is being carried on in at least two defense categories—military and propaganda. Each new advance, whether militarily useful or not, provides material for the battle of words and a challenge to the opposition's prestige.

In the realm of moon shots, for instance, both Russia and the U.S. have demonstrated that they have the hardware to reach the moon, but the problems of control and accuracy are tremendous.

To hit the moon, the last stage of the rocket must have great accuracy. As the moon orbits around the earth, it travels one lunar diameter each hour. In a 50-hour flight to the moon an error of one hour, or two per cent, in the precalculated transfer time will cause the rocket to miss.

It requires excellent marksmanship to fire a rocket and strike this relatively small, moving target 239,000 miles away. All guidance equipment and timing computations must be extremely accurate. It is one thing, then, to send experimental rockets over certain distances. But when you talk about satellites and moon shots, you are in a different ball park. Actually, it is of little scientific value merely to place a tin can on the moon's surface. There may, however, be propaganda value in splashing the moon with fluorescent powder or exploding a flashlight charge on impact.

But this scale of desirability and significance distorts the true scientific motivation for making moon shots and experimental space flights. The overriding military considerations have led many people to equate the race into space with the race for atomic supremacy, dominated by considerations of destruction.

It would be a fatal error to deny the military and political implications of space experimentation in both the defense and propaganda fields. We can never afford to let a totalitarian state lead us in a field of such tremendous potential. Neither can we afford to repeat our miscalculation of the effect upon the uncommitted nations of a major scientific breakthrough, such as the launching of Sputnik I.

IT would be just as fatal to the long-term development of our culture and civilization if we came to feel that the sole justification for space research was the attainment of a military standoff with the Soviet Union similar to the hydrogen-bomb stalemate which exists between the two powers at the present time.

For the desire to explore space lies at the heart of all humanity's striving for release from bondage to physical labor. It is the technology which has changed the tools of road building from hundreds of sweating men with picks and shovels to gigantic machines, each run by a single operator. It is technology which is changing the tools of automobile production from crews of men monotonously tightening bolts to machines controlled by engineers seated in air-conditioned offices. And it is technology which in the years ahead of us will gradually release more of man's time for pursuit of understanding and beauty.

The fear of the nuclear bomb, the restlessness of modern city life, the standardization of many consumer goods, and the resulting leveling effects on tastes, fashions, and even opinions—in fact, all the unpleasant aspects of technology—have caused many people to preach a return to the simple, homey life as the only escape route from destruction open to the world today.

Such a return, however, is impossible. Once having entered upon the road of technology, no civilization can turn back. The old pattern is destroyed in the development of the new. It would be economically impossible for the U.S. to resume its 18th-century status as an agrarian nation. The only way to overcome the present difficulties of our technological culture is to pursue the goals of technology with even greater zeal and determination. This means that new ideas, new discoveries, and new inventions must continually be fed into the system. A most fruitful source of such discoveries is the research done out of plain curiosity.

It is impossible to foresee all the applications and possibilities resulting from exploratory scientific research. The history of technological development is filled with cases of scientific stumbling upon discoveries of enormous utility at a time when the chances seemed nil.

Nowhere is this truer than in the realm of space research. Greater than the pressing needs of military defense or national prestige is the driving force of scientific curiosity, or the desire to know. Ultimately, it is this desire to know which provides the impetus into space.

It is, of course, possible to guess at some of the many constructive uses of space satellites and rockets. Increased knowledge of weather and of radiation effects upon our health will be among the first fruits reaped. Greatly speeded world-wide communication via satellite message relays should be another gain. With travel to other planets, we will see beneficial exploratory missions of biologists, geologists, map experts, and very possibly interplanetary expeditions made by our mining prospectors.

BUT such guesses as these do not really matter because when we have mastered space travel, civilization will reap benefits now unthought of. The only question we may really ask is whether man will know how to live in peace and safety with his new-found powers.

The same rocket which can carry instruments to the moon can also, with slight modifications, carry a nuclear bomb over an intercontinental range. The choice of which payload to place in the nose of such a missile doesn't lie in the hands of the scientists who build the rocket; it is determined by the ethical standards which prevail throughout the world. There is one thing certain:

If the world's ethical standards fail to rise with the advances achieved by technology, we will perish.

Technology and ethics must go hand in hand. While technology controls the forces of nature around us, ethics control the forces of nature within us. But while technology is a mere 150 years old, the problems of ethics have occupied the minds of the world's greatest thinkers for centuries. I think it is a fair assumption that the Ten Commandments are entirely adequate, without amendments, to cope with the problems of using technology, both present and future.

What is lacking is not an ethical standard but sufficiently tight, day-to-day application of the standard we have. This lack stems from our separation of science and religion, a separation which manifests itself in the belief that scientific enlightenment and religious belief are incompatible.

It is one of the greatest tragedies



Amid mounting world tensions,
peace-loving peoples will
mark UN Week Oct. 18-24.

United Nations Critical Issues

NEVER since a war-weary world banded together to form the United Nations 14 years ago has that international organization faced graver crises than it does today. Fittingly, Americans will join with millions of others in far-off lands to mark UN Week October 18-24 and, high spot of the observance, UN Day October 24. For facing the global diplomats as they meet in the striking glass-fronted structure portrayed on our cover are a host of grave problems, high among them these six:

Outer Space. Despite the absence of Russia, a UN committee has been delving into the possibility of international action on outer space. Scientists want agreement on such topics as re-entry and recovery of space vehicles, sharing of launching ranges, and use of satellites to improve world-wide weather forecasting and communications. A legal advisory group already has been tackling such problems as liability for injury and damage caused by space vehicles. The General Assembly will study the committee's findings for possible definitive action. Meanwhile, the way is left open for participation by all nations in exploration and use of the space frontier. [For further discussion of the problems of space, see *Who Should Own the Moon?* May, 1958, page 10.]

Disarmament. This is one of the oldest—and toughest—UN problems. While statesmen debate, on-rushing technology poses new perils. Ireland now is suggesting that the General Assembly study ways to prevent wider dissemination of nuclear weapons. The Irish government fears that use of such weapons by a small state, or even a revolutionary group, could spark a general war.

Refugees. The General Assembly must decide whether to continue to help 1 million or more Palestine

refugees, four out of ten of whom are under 15. A temporary UN agency has been providing food, shelter, health services, and education, and has been helping them to become self-supporting. However, its mandate runs out June 30, 1960. Pending repatriation or resettlement of the refugees, Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld wants the agency continued.

New Nations. Mother Africa will give birth to four new nations in 1960. Their admission to the UN would bring membership to 86. Three are UN trust territories: French Cameroons, to achieve independence January 1; French Togoland, April 27, and Somalia, under Italian administration, December 2. The fourth will be Nigeria, a British territory, due to become self-governing October 1. Also, the UN will send a mission to the British Cameroons, a trust territory, to supervise plebiscites on future status.

Algeria. Last year a resolution on Algerian independence, sponsored by Asian and African nations, failed by one vote to obtain the two-thirds majority of the General Assembly. Its key paragraph recognized "the right of the Algerian people to independence." This year some of the same sponsors have submitted it for reconsideration. They warn that the Algerian situation remains a threat to international peace. France, however, contends the problem is a domestic matter outside the UN's scope.

Laws of the Sea. In recent years, several disputes have developed over the width of territorial waters and fishery limits. A 1958 UN conference on the law of the sea produced no agreement, but another is planned next spring. Meanwhile, a related issue, the juridical status of historic waters, is also on the General Assembly agenda.

of our time that this dangerous error is so widely accepted; yet we need look no farther than our educational system to understand why. We give to our children a tremendous amount of factual knowledge without telling them what we do not know. We fail to tell them of nature's mysteries and the infinite number of unexplained miracles in the universe; and in so failing, we deny them the perspective of humility.

Nothing has retarded human progress more than idolatry of our achievements. By adoring our own scientific achievements we will kill humility, the mother of any true scientific progress. And by adoring our technological advancement, we kill the desire to come up with a still better product. In this country we have seen how our public complacency slowed missile development down to a walk, thereby putting our defense program in grave peril.

For all the scientific enlightenment of the last two centuries, we know of more mysteries in nature today than when the technological revaluation began. Science has in no way done away with God; it has only broadened the frontiers along which we can see his wonderful works. Science has not taken God away from man; man has taken God away from science.

As we probe farther into the area beyond our sensible atmosphere, man will learn more about his environment. He will understand better the order and beauty of creation. He may then come to realize that war will avail him nothing but catastrophe. He may grasp the truth that there is something much bigger than his one little world.

Before the majesty of what he will find in space, he must stand in reverential awe.

There is, then, no question of man's belonging or not belonging in space. He belongs wherever his knowledge and skills can carry him. As his technology advances, it will free him to devote more of his time to thinking and dreaming; it will enable him to raise civilization to new levels. When space flight frees man from the final chains of gravity, it will open to him a new and wonderful experience of God's truth. It will open to him the gateway to heaven.

How to Live DANGEROUSLY

I can hardly wait for football games and I'm dying for our bi-fi components to arrive. I've changed from conveyer belt to companion.



Mom felt she was just a machine—until she learned to share the family's fun.

By **DOROTHY GAULT**

WHOEVER it was said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," couldn't have been a wife and mother. Consider that day last fall. I was scrubbing the kitchen floor when the phone rang. Careful not to step into the pail of detergent solution, I picked up the receiver.

"Mom?" It was our 15-year-old Gary. "The coach is holding a meet-

ing for the mothers of the football players at the Y tonight."

"Great!" I thought to myself, snatching at one of the twins who was turning all the range controls to high. "A session with a coach is just what I need."

"He'll draw diagrams of the plays and show movies of the last game." The newly deep voice vibrated with

all the enthusiasm of a potential star.

I tried to inject some into mine. "What time?"

"Seven-thirty."

My heart sank. I'd have to hurry the two youngest children through their baths, wash the dinner dishes, and drive across town, all in an hour. And I was as interested in football as I was in the preservation and encouragement of the common cold.

AT dinner Gary and his dad hashed over the last gridiron clash while I helped the twins, Chris and Con, mop up spilled milk, and dished up dessert. When I finally sat down, father and son were still engrossed. A heavy, dark mantle of martyrdom settled about me. I was nothing more than a conveyor belt, endlessly supplying hot food, clean clothing, and bandages. It took a sudden guided missile, zooming from one twin to the other, to rouse me from my gloom.

It was Gary's night for rifle practice so he rode with me to the Y. "Watch it, Mom!" he barked as we headed for the last major intersection. "That light's going to turn red." (He has an imaginary brake and accelerator on his side of the car, and reads all the traffic signs in the voice of doom.) I wanted to remind him I'd been driving before he was born, but conveyor belts don't talk back. I was really sunk!

On arrival, we parted for our separate destinations. Mine was a lounge filled with chattering women. All of us quieted down, though, when a dynamic young man strode to the front of the room and looked us over. "I'm Coach Timmons," he announced, "and you are the prettiest group of mothers it has been my pleasure to address." His smile revealed a set of stunning white teeth.

We straightened in our chairs. Long-suffering expressions changed to eager, bright-eyed ones. You could almost hear the years slither away onto the tile floor.

"Your boys are green," he continued, "but there are the makings of a fine team in them. A player must, first of all, be intelligent. The days when any muscle-bound, oversized slob could be a star are gone. Quick thinking, speed, and spirit are the requisites now."

Our backs unkinked another notch. These were our boys he was describing.

The coach explained the formations. He drew diagrams on a blackboard and showed movies of the boys, running the film forward, then backward, to catch a particularly brilliant block or tackle. There were a few giggles at first, then the room was so quiet you could have heard a slip strap break.

I knew that all the mothers were thinking the same thing. This wasn't just a childish game. It was a complex contest requiring strategy, snappy reflexes, and nerve. We didn't learn as much as we wanted in one meeting, so Coach Timmons set up another for the following week. Quietly, almost reverently, we filed from the room.

Gary met me in the entrance hall. He looked different, somehow. Older, more responsible, taller. "Learn anything?" he asked, beaming.

"A lot," I replied enthusiastically, "but there are more questions I'd like answered."

"Kick off," Gary grinned. "I don't know everything about the game, but I'll do my best."

All the way home we discussed his old love and my new one. Not once did he stamp on his imaginary brake or screech "Stop!" at an intersection. We spoke, not as mother to son, or child to tyrant, but as contemporaries. It was downright exhilarating.

At bedtime my husband emerged from the bathroom with a dash of tooth paste on his upper lip. That was when I shot off the salvo, saved for this moment. "Congress Center will use the unbalanced T against us next Friday," I said, like Mata Hari reporting enemy troop movements to a superior.

Jack's unseeing, spouse-type expression disappeared. "They will!" he exclaimed. "What defense is Timmons planning?"

"The wall," I snapped back.

"I don't know that one," he said, absorbed. "What is it?"

I was no longer an outsider. Armed with a little knowledge, I was right in the thick of things. And I intend to hang onto my new position.

Just last week I had another unexpected chance to live dangerously. From behind the classified section of the paper, Jack announced, "Here's

a used hi-fi set for sale." After a lengthy pause, he added, "I wouldn't want someone else's components, though. I'd rather select my own."

"My goodness, yes," I said, wondering what, in heaven's name, components were. "There's something so *personal* about them," I added, beating a hasty retreat upstairs.

The next morning I left the twins with Mother, checked the weekly cleaning in the broom closet, and hurried down to Hi-Fi Haven. It was in the basement of a florist's shop and, even in daylight, had to be lit with fluorescent fixtures. The furnishings consisted of a lumpy couch and an overstuffed chair, *circa* 1927. Every inch of wall space was occupied by speakers, amplifiers, and automatic changers. Haunting music seemed to come from all around, wrapping the room in a cloak of sonic beauty.

A fellow with a dedicated look and close-cropped hair switched off a turntable and greeted me. We had a fascinating talk and listened to several records, he perched on the chair, I sitting on the couch. My head and handbag were stuffed with hi-fi lore when I left.

Back home, I flew at the cleaning, but at dinner I was composed. With dessert, I crisscrossed my opening to Jack over the children's impassioned argument about whose turn it was to clear off the table. With quiet dignity, I inquired, "Were you thinking of a 12-inch woofer and a compression-type tweeter?"

He nodded. "With level control. Do you think we should have a 30-watt amplifier?"

I shuddered, thinking of the loose plaster in the living-room ceiling, then answered judiciously, "For a perfectly balanced reproduction, yes."

Jack followed me to the kitchen, still talking components. I handed him a towel and he dried the dishes without realizing what he was doing. I had to admire my own craftiness.

On sober reflection, though, maybe the joke is on me. Just as I have found I can hardly wait for the Friday-night football games, I'm dying for our hi-fi components to arrive. But, surely, a little knowledge isn't *always* a dangerous thing. Not when it has transformed me from conveyor belt to companion.

OUR CHURCH: Built on a Rock

By DANIEL L. MARSH

Chancellor, Boston University



“AND I tell you, you are Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church.”—Matthew 16:18.

Perhaps no passage in the Bible has been debated more than this statement of Christ to his disciple, Simon Peter. What did Christ mean? Was he saying that he was founding his Church upon Peter as an individual, as some believe?

I don't think so. Read in context and with understanding, it becomes clear that Christ was saying his Church was to be founded, not on Peter the person, but on the faith which Peter had confessed. Christ's simple statement has been misinterpreted merely because Jesus was indulging in alliteration and poetic metaphor—or, one might almost say, a pun or play on words.

For proof, we need to analyze the historical record of that day over 1,900 years ago. A band of 13 men had gathered at Caesarea Philippi—today the modern village of Baniyas in southwestern Syria. Nearby was Mount Hermon, crowned with eternal snows, its base gushing forth the waters that form the Jordan River. Jesus, the leader, wanted to talk with his followers about events he knew would happen soon in Jerusalem. Among the 12 with him was Simon Peter.

Jesus first asked his disciples, “Who do men say that the Son of man is?” The group replied, “Some say John the Baptist, others say Elijah, and others Jeremiah or one of the prophets.” Then Jesus asked, “But who do you say that I am?” Simon Peter answered with his immortal statement of comprehension, “You are the Christ, the Son of the living God.”

Jesus was pleased with this ardent expression of faith. He praised it as a revelation from God. Then he said,

“And I tell you, you are Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the powers of death shall not prevail against it.”

This conversation is a matter of record. In evaluating it, we must remember that many of Jesus' utterances were poetic—more compactly true than the same thoughts expressed in simple prose, but more difficult to understand. He often used a metaphor—words or phrases which literally denoted one object or idea in place of another. At various times, for instance, he described himself as “the Good Shepherd,” “the Vine,” “the Light of the World.”

To understand the metaphor Christ used in addressing Peter, it is vital to know that in New Testament Greek two different words can be translated as “rock”: *petros*, meaning a fragment of rock, and *petra*, meaning the great, underlying bedrock. What he said, in effect, was this: “And . . . you are Peter (*petros*, or a rock fragment) and on this rock (*petra*, or living bedrock) I will build my Church.” Jesus set these two words in opposition to give his statement emphasis.

What was the *petra*, the bedrock, to which Jesus referred when he set it in contrast to *Petros*, the name he had given Peter? The Church fathers took *petra* to mean Christ himself or Peter's confession of faith—not Peter as an individual. Martin Luther's view was that Christ, in speaking those words, pointed to himself as the bedrock on which his Church would be built. This is in harmony with St. Paul's declaration, “No other foundation can anyone lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.”

There are some who insist that Jesus founded his Church upon Peter the man. They have built a

whole ecclesiastical superstructure upon that definition. They say that Peter became the first bishop of Rome and transmitted this authority to a continuing line of Roman bishops. This would make the present bishop of Rome the deputy of Christ, custodian of all temporal power, and ruler of the only true Church.

The simple truth is that no primacy of governing authority ever was vested in Peter. Not a trace of it can be found in the New Testament; we have only tradition, not history, for the contention that Peter was in Rome at all. Furthermore, it was not until the fifth or sixth century that the paramount importance and power of the so-called “successor of Peter” ever began to be distinctive of the bishop of Rome.

So it is with the rock on which the Church is founded. Had Jesus been asked, he might have amplified his statement to Peter this way: “On this *petra*—this faith which you have affirmed, this faith personalized and given heart and voice by men and women like you—on this bedrock I will build my Church.” In other words, Christ addressed Peter, not as an individual, but as a type person having the spiritual characteristics by which a great number of individuals later would be classified together under the name of his Church. His Church would be composed of ordinary men and women whose characters had been shaped into Christ-likeness through their faith.

When Jesus said, “On *this rock* I will build my Church,” he announced the formation of a fellowship bound together by the faith which Peter had confessed. And that faith, “You are the Christ, the Son of the living God,” is the bedrock of the true Church.

Only once in 31 years has a performer dared
to undertake the role. Now at least four
U.S. motion-picture companies will portray

CHRIST ON THE SCREEN

By MALCOLM BOYD

Author of Christ and Celebrity Gods

NO LIVING PERSON knows how he looked—except that he was clothed in flesh. Painters have painted their dreams of him; but none has fully captured his likeness. Man has sought to portray him, and producers have employed shadows, lights, symbols, and vague outlines to characterize him; still, no one has been able to say, “Behold the Man!”*

This problem, the casting of Jesus Christ, has been one of the greatest challenges to the motion picture industry. Ever since the first motion picture in 1894, the mysterious, demanding role of Christ has tested producers, directors, writers—and, most of all, performers who dared to tackle the part.

From 1927 to 1958, only one major Hollywood production (*Day of Triumph*, in 1954) had offered the public a Christ portrayal. Now one motion picture in which Jesus of Nazareth appears has been completed, and three more are planned.

Producer John Farrow has announced plans for filming *The Son of Man*, tentatively described as “a multi-million-dollar project.” Fulton Oursler’s *The Greatest Story Ever Told* will be produced by Twentieth Century-Fox in 1960. A third film dramatization of the life of Christ, to be made in Spain, is planned by Producer Samuel Bronston.

Lloyd C. Douglas’ *The Big Fisherman*, the epic of the apostle, Simon Peter, has been produced by Rowland V. Lee of Universal-International Studios. Christ’s presence, except for a distant shot of the Sermon on the Mount, is indicated only by a shadow and a voice.

There have been sporadic “celluloid” Christs since 1912 when the English actor, R. Henderson Bland, undertook the role in *From the Manger to the Cross*.

The renowned director, D. W. Griffith, gave film history a conspicuous Christ portrayal in *Intolerance*, a 1916 epic depicting intolerance as the cause of wars and a

prime mover of the world in all ages. As his device Griffith used four stories: the Judean story, or the life of Jesus of Nazareth; the medieval story, a dramatization of the war between Catholics and Huguenots in 16th-century France; the fall of Babylon, story of the ancient world; and, for the modern story, a dramatic conflict between capital and labor. Griffith depicted the organized opposition of the Jewish rabbinate to Jesus and his revolutionary “new law” as his example of ecclesiastic intolerance.

Thomas Ince, another of filmdom’s foremost veterans, cast George Fisher as Jesus in *Civilization*, also in 1916. In this production Ince employed allegory in a tale of the supernatural and depicts Christ wandering in a place called “Borderland,” an area located between earth and eternity. The plot concerns a Count Ferdinand who, in a sea battle, refuses to fire a torpedo which would kill soldiers in any enemy ship. After a struggle with his own men in the submarine he had invented and was commanding, Count Ferdinand is drowned.

Finding himself in “Borderland,” Count Ferdinand meets Jesus who announces that he will reappear upon earth in the form of the Count, to preach peace. The *Moving Picture World’s* review of June 17, 1916, contained this succinct comment: “What we see there is by no means clear, though it is weird and picturesque.”

Mary Pickford made a picture in 1926 called *Sparrows*. In her role of Mama Mollie, Miss Pickford is seen in a cold, dark barn, holding on her lap a sick child. Falling asleep from exhaustion, Mama Mollie does not see what the audience sees: the back of the barn dissolving, revealing Jesus walking on a hillside with a flock of sheep. Jesus strides into the barn, lifts the child from Mama

Robert Wilson won wide acclaim
in 1954 for portraying Christ in *Day of Triumph*.
Humbled by the demanding role, Wilson said he was aware
that no man could hope fully to portray Jesus.

* This dilemma of artists was discussed by Dr. Dwight E. Loder, president of Garrett Biblical Institute, in *How Did Jesus Really Look?* (illustrated by portraits, old and new) in the first issue of *TOGETHER* [October, 1956, page 38].



Mollie's lap and returns to his sheep. As he does so, the hillside dissolves and the back of the barn is seen again. Mama Mollie awakens to find the child in her lap is dead. At first she is horrified. Then, as if recalling Jesus' visit, she smiles thankfully.

In 1926 there was a Christ portrayal in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Ben Hur*. The actor playing the role is never seen in close-up. Instead, you see in the distance, in the crowd packing the route to Calvary, the Christ-figure in flowing white robe as he struggles along with the heavy cross.

A study of this scene reveals all other persons are clothed in dark garments. Along the route three women of Jerusalem kneel and ask the Christ-figure (out of camera range) for blessings. The screen reveals "the hand of Christ," with the sleeve of the white robe held over their heads. In a night scene at Calvary, the camera shows the feet of the crucified as Roman soldiers gamble beneath the crosses and a few mourners remain in the gathering darkness.

The classic motion picture of the life of Christ is still Cecil B. DeMille's 1927 production of *King of Kings*.

According to a conservative estimate, *King of Kings* has been seen by approximately 900 million people. It is still shown about 1,200 times annually in the U.S. alone. A missionary in India replaces his old print every three years; he has shown the picture to 125,000 persons. More than 600 prints of the film are in world-wide circulation, and each Lenten season clergymen in principal cities throughout the world sponsor its showing in local theaters.

During the shooting of the film, H. B. Warner, who earned a niche in Hollywood's hall of fame for his portrayal of Christ, was ordered to spend his time in solitude. DeMille wanted him to be "as reverent toward the role as was humanly possible." So, Warner ate his meals alone and wore a veil to and from the dressing room. Both Warner and DeMille died recently.

Between 1927, when DeMille produced *King of Kings*, and 1954, when the Rev. James K. Friedrich produced

Day of Triumph, Hollywood tended to show Christ only as a shadow, a light, a symbol, a back, or a vague outline. Robert Wilson's Christ portrayal in *Day of Triumph* was the first since Warner's. For 27 years no studio or actor had attempted so momentous a task. In its review a Hollywood periodical commented: "No acting role could possibly be as difficult as that of playing Jesus. Robert Wilson undertakes it and does a remarkably good job. An actor of limited experience, but possessing depth and power, it will be interesting to see where he goes from here."

DURING the shooting of *Day of Triumph*, Wilson expressed his deep feelings in undertaking the role.

"Realizing that no man could give a full portrayal of Jesus," Wilson said, "I decided to suggest only enough of his character to permit the viewer to complete the portrayal in his own heart. From his own experience of Christ, and using his own personal insights into Jesus' personality, the viewer would be able to use the facets of my interpretation as guideposts to his own composite picture of Christ."

Wilson's favorite scenes, he said, were those depicting the Last Supper and the forgiveness of Mary Magdalene.

"In the crucifixion sequence—and especially in the words spoken from the cross—I realized that such a delicate thing as a mere change of expression could entirely change a meaning for an audience," Wilson explained. "My answer in interpretation lay in study, prayer, and more prayer—leading me, again and again, to the conviction that this particular enactment was the best possible way, the only way possible to convey the significance and truth. Always I felt that my portrayal was being guided by a power outside myself."

A voice out of the past explains in a graphic way some of the complexity an actor must feel in playing the role of Jesus Christ. The complexity lies not only in the demanding role itself, but also in the wonder and even the glamour of mystery which surrounds it.

R. Henderson Bland, the British actor who portrayed Christ in 1912 in *From the Manger to the Cross*, left behind a most interesting memoir about the day when, on location in Palestine, he was portraying Jesus on the way to Golgotha:

"I shall never forget the day I toiled along the Via Dolorosa with the huge symbol that has carried the message of mercy through the ages. Great crowds stood for hours in the blazing sun and lined the walls and covered the roofs of the houses. The crowds around my carriage were so dense that police were told to keep the people back. When I left the carriage to take up my position in the scene, a way was made for me with no word said. Women stepped forward and kissed my robe."

One would someday like to see a major motion picture relate the story of Christ—told with the camera as Jesus. In this way an actual portrayal of Jesus by an actor could be eliminated; only the problem of finding a voice to take the place of His voice, would remain. Yet even in such a cinematic undertaking as this, one would be compelled to answer a question of the first magnitude:

"How do persons and situations appear to be, through the eyes of Jesus Christ?"

Cecil B. DeMille's King of Kings, filmed in 1927, still averages 1,200 U.S. showings annually.



Wyoming Conference Elects 12 Delegates New Jersey Slates Election in September



Dr. Clemens



Dr. Truscott



Mr. Lewis



Mr. Hunt



Dr. Hawke



Dr. Buckingham



Dr. Bouton



Dr. Pitcher

The Wyoming Conference recently elected 12 delegates to the General and the Jurisdictional Conferences. The former will meet in Denver, Colo., in April, 1960, and the latter in Washington, D.C., in June. The General Conference shapes the policies of Methodism and is the highest legislative body of the church. The Jurisdictional Conference elects the bishop of the Jurisdiction, with three or more to be elected in 1960. Bishop Bromley Oxnam, Earl Leddon, and Fred Newell will retire and a fourth vacancy may be created by the establishment of a new Area.

The ministerial delegates elected to the General Conference were Dr. Norman Clemens, district superintendent of the Binghamton District and Dr. Samuel J. Truscott, district superintendent of the Oneonta District.

The laymen elected were G. Wesley Lewis, Conference lay leader, and Walter L. Hunt, president of the Conference Layman's Association.

The Jurisdictional Conference delegates include those already elected to the General Conference and additionally elected ministers and laymen. These were, among the ministers: Dr. Leon W. Bouton, Wilkes-Barre District superintendent; Dr. Russel J. Hawke, pastor of Central Church, Endicott; Dr. Harold C. Buckingham, pastor of First Church, Endicott, and Dr. Philip N. Pitcher, pastor of First Church, Milford, N.Y.

The following laymen were also elected: Ralph L. Newing, Wilkes-Barre District lay leader; Mrs. C. Fred Chadwick, president of the Conference WSCS; Harry M. Gordon, Scranton District lay leader, and Mrs. Earl Browning, vice-president of the Conference WSCS.

Chosen as alternates for the ministers

were Rosewell W. Lyon and Roy T. Henwood, and as alternates for the laymen, Harold Tippet and William E. Newhart.

New Jersey Conference will elect their delegates to these conclaves at their 123rd Annual Conferences sessions at First Church, Ocean City, September 16 to September 20.

Special speakers will also highlight the program which will be presided over by Resident Bishop, Fred Pierce Corson, assisted by the Rev. Eric W. Baker, president of the British Methodist Church and secretary of the World Methodist Council.

Among those addressing the Conference will be the Rev. Marcus J. Birrell of the General Board of Education, the Rev. Tracey K. Jones, who will speak for the Missions Program, and the Rev. Joseph W. Bell also of the General Board of Education who will speak at the Weekend Youth Convocation.

Other leaders of the church who will speak are: Kinsey Merritt, president of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association; Dr. Robert G. Mayfield, secretary of the General Board of Lay Activities; R. H. Bond, Conference lay leader of the New York Conference; the Rev. Franklyn Cooker, executive secretary of the Board of Education of the Wyoming Conference, and President Fred G. Hallaway, president of Drew University.

The Conference will conclude on Sunday afternoon, September 20 at the Music Pier, with the Ordination Service and Bishop Corson's *Challenge to Youth*. This will be followed by the reading of appointments for the new Conference year.

It is expected that over 2,000 youth will attend the Youth Weekend Convocation.



Mr. Newing



Mrs. Chadwick



Mr. Gordon



Mrs. Browning



The Youth Group from the Michigan Area at the altar of Old St. George's Church with the pastor and Philadelphia Supplement editor, Dr. Frederick Maser, at the right.

Michigan Area Youth See Historic Philadelphia

A group of 42 young people of the Michigan Area, headed by the Rev. James Dawson Nixon of First Church, Tecumseh, Mich., enjoyed a two-week bus tour of the East. They stopped in Philadelphia for a weekend during which they were entertained by Seventh Street Church and Old St. George's.

The Seventh Street Church, of which the Rev. Frank Kensill is the pastor, provided sleeping quarters for the group and their evening meal on Saturday and Sunday and made provision for their breakfast Sunday.

Old St. George's arranged for a guided tour of this historic building and welcomed the youth at the morning worship service, making arrangements, also, for their Sunday lunch.

The young people of Seventh Street sponsored special Youth Meetings on Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Guided by Mr. and Mrs. Kensill, the Michigan guests made a tour of the historic spots of the city, including Independence Hall, Betsy Ross House, Christ Church and other points of interest.

Said Dr. Frederick Maser, of Old St.

George's, "This is but the beginning of what we hope will be a broader ministry for both Old St. George's and Seventh Street Church. The program provided by Seventh Street was superb, and gave the visitors a chance to view church work in down town Philadelphia as well as to enjoy the many historic spots in and about Philadelphia's Square Mile."

"We are happy also," said Dr. Maser, "to welcome to Old St. George's groups from our own Area. Many Men's Groups, Women's Societies, Youth Groups, and whole congregations are taking advantage of the evangelistic and historical emphasis in the work of this ancient church of Methodism. Dates are rapidly being filled for the fall and winter. While groups are welcome at any time between ten and four o'clock when trained guides lead tours of the building, a special effort is being made to emphasize the Sunday evening program."

"An evening service is provided in our candlelighted sanctuary at a time to suit the visiting congregation."

"This is followed by a Fellowship Hour of light refreshments of Methodist punch, coffee and cookies and a tour of the museum containing Methodism's most precious relics."

"This fall," stated Dr. Maser, "groups and congregations will include Lansdowne, Geigertown, Newtown, Downingtown, Jenkintown, Kynett Memorial, Philadelphia, and the Willow Grove Subdistrict Youth. A limited number of Sunday evening dates are still available, although they are growing fewer since we also preach in the churches on those Sunday evenings when no service is scheduled in Old St. George's."

More Volunteers Needed

The Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, is seeking the aid of more volunteers. With 45 volunteers already at work, Mrs. George Swenson, director of the program, is planning to orient a new group late in September.

A volunteer is one who without monetary return, offers a minimum of four hours service per week in some phase of the hospital program. Letters of application may be sent directly to the hospital at Broad and Wolf Sts., Philadelphia.

Cornwall Observes Tenth Anniversary in October

On Saturday, October 3, Cornwall Home for the Aged will observe its 10th anniversary. Highlighting the events of the day will be the dedication of the new \$150,000 chapel by Bishop F. P. Corson at 2:30 p.m.

The chapel was made possible by an initial gift of \$75,000 from S. S. Kresge Foundation. Dr. Sebastian S. Kresge and his son, Stanley, as well as their wives plan to be present for the occasion.

Another feature of the day will be the bazaar sponsored by the Golden Cross Society. The snack bar will be open all day and dinner will be served from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Tours of the grounds and building will leave the information center at 10:30 and every half hour thereafter.

Puerto Rican Trip Planned

Letters of invitation have been sent to a chosen group of pastors and laymen and their wives inviting them to participate in the Puerto Rico Pilgrimage from January 28 to February 4.



Dr. Samuel J. Truscott, district superintendent, Oneonta District (center) received honorary D.D. degree from Hartwick College in Oneonta, N.Y. Others are Dr. Miller Ritchie, Dr. Claude Hardy, Bishop F. P. Corson, Dr. Jerry Wilson.



The Rev. Frank Kensill greets the Rev. J. D. Nixon while Mrs. Kensill and Mrs. Nixon look on. Bus driver also watches.

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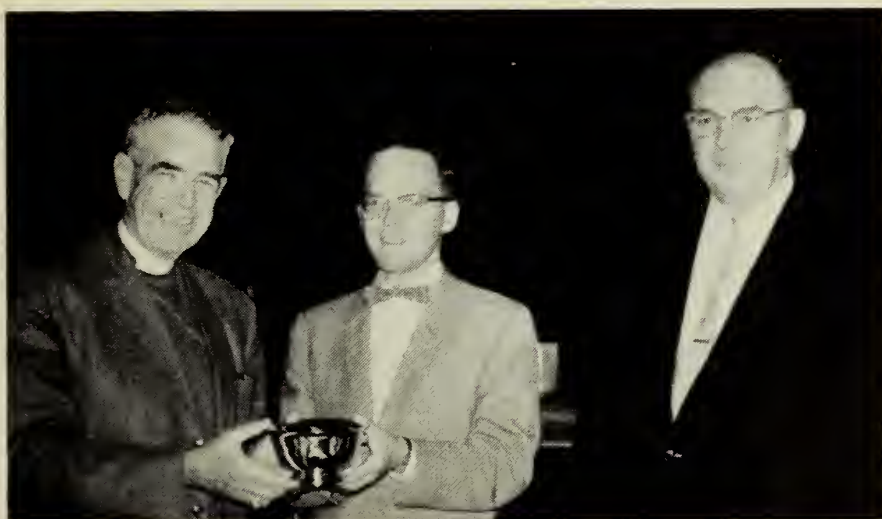
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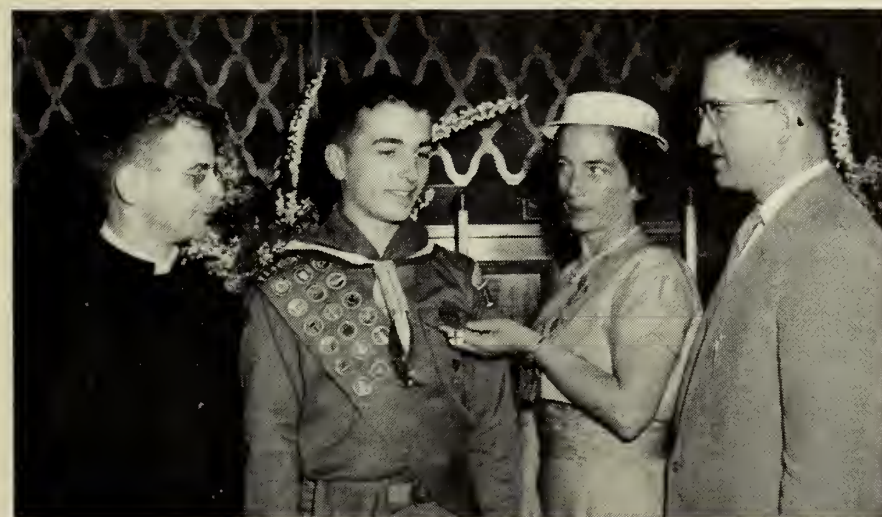
Second-class postage has been paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.



The Rev. and Mrs. Campbell (2nd and 3rd from right) study Puerto Rico with Pastor Hewitt (right), Harry Miller (left), Dr. Allen Rice and Supt. Watchorn. The Campbells received the support of Union Church members in a very unusual service.



David White (center), New Jersey Conference MYF president, presents a silver bowl to Bishop Corson while Dr. Clyde A. Schaff, executive secretary and director of youth work looks on. The bowl was given in the name of the New Jersey Conference Youth.



Mr. and Mrs. Marlin Zimmerman of Halifax look with pride at the God and Country award of the Boy Scouts that was presented to their son, Gary. The presentation was made recently by the Zimmerman's pastor, the Rev. Edward W. Rettew.

Union Has Unique Service

In a service patterned after a wedding ceremony, Union Church, Philadelphia Conference, agreed to support the Rev. and Mrs. Donald L. Campbell as missionaries to San Antonio, Puerto Rico.

Dr. George S. Hewitt, pastor, stated the Campbells and Union Church were now wedded, the vows having been given the congregation by Dr. J. Vincent Watchorn, District Superintendent, and the charge having been given the Campbells by Dr. Allen Rice, National Board of Missions.

It was the culmination of a two year educational program to deepen the interest of the church in missions, particularly Puerto Rico.

Bishop Corson Honored

The Bishop's Crusaders of the New Jersey Conference recently honored resident Bishop F. P. Corson at a banquet in Ocean City, N.J.

Attending were 334 youth including many who had, under the preaching of Bishop Corson, committed themselves to Christ at an Annual Conference Session and joined the Bishop's Crusaders.

After the presentation, Bishop Corson gave the address of the evening.

Pastor Honored by Group

In a "This Is Your Life" program, the Rev. E. W. Rettew was recently honored by being presented the "Goodwill Industries Award" at a meeting at the YMCA in Harrisburg.

Mr. C. J. Sherman, executive of the Harrisburg Industries, said Mr. Rettew was "an individual who has excelled in self-improvement and determination to serve God and his fellow men."

Tabernacle Consecrated

With nearly 1,400 people in attendance, Bishop Corson recently consecrated the new \$33,000 tabernacle at Malaga Camp Meeting, New Jersey. President Evan Pedrick presented the keys of the Tabernacle to Bishop Corson and explained that a \$20,000 mortgage would be liquidated over a five year period. The Bishop's Cabinet assisted with the historic service. A choir of a hundred voices rendered special music, and nearly one hundred pastors were there.

Halifax Boy Given Award

Gary Lee Zimmerman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marlin Zimmerman of Halifax, Pa., was recently presented the God and Country Award of the Boy Scouts. Gary finished his work under the supervision of his pastor, the Rev. Edward W. Rettew, who was recently transferred to the Landenberg Church. Gary also received the Eagle Scout Award and later was elected one of the officers of the Lykens Valley Subdistrict MYF.

RIDING THE CIRCUIT

Dr. W. Vernon Middleton addressed the large congregation that gathered at First Church Germantown for the funeral of their former pastor and the former dean of Temple Theological Seminary Dr. J. S. Ladd Thomas. Others who took part in the service for the grand old octogenarian were Dr. B. Harry Barnes, Dr. C. Laurence Curry and Dr. A. S. Morris, all long-time friends. Rev. Calvin Myers, associate pastor of the church conducted the service.

Foreign travel enticed members of both the Philadelphia and New Jersey



Dr. Corson

Conferences. Dr. L. H. Corson of Haddonfield toured sections of Scotland, England, Norway, and Sweden, preaching both in Oslo and Stockholm. Dr. Alexander K. Smith, district superintendent of the Philadelphia Conference, traveled through England,

France and Italy, preaching at City Road Chapel, London, twice at Watchorn Chapel in Alfreton, England, and at the Methodist chapel in Rome. Mrs. Smith addressed a large gathering of the Sunday School at Alfreton. They returned home on the *Queen Elizabeth*. Journeying by Swissair Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Duncombe of Bala-Cynwyd spent a month in Germany and Switzerland. Their trip centered in Freiburg to hear Flor Petters, famed European organist and to study the European cathedrals, a hobby of Dr. Duncombe's. Rev. and Mrs. Roger Stimson also went to Europe in order that Rev. Stimson might baptize their grandson at Bonn. The Korean ambassador was present at the service when Dr. Stimson preached. Rev. and Mrs. Wallace F. Stettler of Covenant Church, Springfield, are to leave for an extended six-week trip early in September that will take them to England, Paris, Geneva, Lucerne, Zurich, Istanbul, Beirut, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Athens, Rome and Frankfurt.



Dr. Smith

Rev. and Mrs. R. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. J. Holland Heck represented the Philadelphia Conference at the Quadrennial Town and Country Conference at Wichita, Kansas. Over 1,100 delegates attended. Rev. Thomas served as group co-ordinator and Mr. Heck was one of the discussion group leaders.

THE BISHOP WRITES



The Aged and the Church

Concern for the aged is increasing in the church. In the Philadelphia Area every existing home for the aged is expanding. One new home has been opened, funds to establish two others are in hand, and a plan to build district homes has been proposed in one of the Conferences.

As in youth work the type of service the church now gives to the aged is changing as well as the attitude toward those services. What was once the last resort for the destitutes, the neglected and those who were done in the world, has now become an attractive and largely self-supporting provision for one's later years.

I predict that the real problems the Church will face in this area of service will not be economic or physical but psychical. Financing these institutions with the help of old age assistance seems possible and the new medical science solves many problems of old age care. But the mental and spiritual attitude of the aged toward their state and condition in life is in an area in which the Church, as the mediator of true religion, must render a distinctive service. In other words, the Church must develop a Christian philosophy for old age and begin its teaching in the young. What we become tomorrow is basically fixed by the pattern of life we set for ourselves today.

In the light of this responsibility, John Wesley's comments on his own old age is significant and helpful.

John Wesley developed the ability to become objective about himself. Most of us have not cultivated this art.

On his 86th birthday, June 28, 1788, he made the following entry in his Journal. He praised God for "a thousand spiritual blessings." He faced the fact and accepted it that he was "not so agile." "My sight," he wrote, "is decayed. I have some pain; I have some decay in my memory of names, but not with regard to what I read or heard twenty, forty, or sixty years ago." (The moral is—fill your mind with worthwhile knowledge when you are young and it will sustain you when you are old.) "I want," he said, "but a third of the food I once did and I am not conscious of any decay in writing sermons."

It is also interesting to note what, apart from the goodness of God, he attributed the blessings he still possessed: (1) To my constant exercise and change of air. (He kept active.) (2) To my never having lost a night's sleep. (He had developed spiritual control of his anxieties.) (3) To my ability to command sleep, so that "whenever I feel myself worn out I call it and it comes." (This is a blessing which can be acquired if intelligently and seriously cultivated.) (4) "To my having risen for above 60 years at 4 o'clock in the morning." (The point for us being that you rust out quicker than you wear out.) (5) "To my having so little pain in life, so little sorrow, so little anxious care." (Wesley had them, but he did not magnify them.) (6) To the resolution expressed in the following lines:

"My remnant of days
I spent in His praise
Who died the whole to redeem.
Be they many or few
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him."

Fred Pine Corson

Dr. Earl V. Tolley recently consecrated the new Bradley Memorial Church, Dickson City, Pa., where Roy Du Vall is pastor. The church faced innumerable difficulties including a depression, the closing of the mines and families moving from the community. Their old building netted them \$26,000 when it was condemned to make way for a new highway. The present building, upon which there is a \$20,000 mortgage, was a joint project of the local church, the Board of Missions and the Wyoming Conference. The church has an active total membership of 144.



Dr. Duncombe

director of student records at Yale.

Dr. Benjamin H. Moses was recently elected to succeed Dr. Ralph W. Decker as president of Wyoming Seminary. Dr. Moses is a graduate of Wyoming Seminary, Syracuse University and has done graduate work at Harvard. Since 1951 he has been

*When the shadowy hand summons a loved one into the Vast Forever,
how do you explain it to a child?*

Explaining Death to Children

By HELEN H. and LEWIS J. SHERRILL

ONE OF THE most difficult of all problems for the modern parent is that of being able to help his child meet the hard places of life in such a way as to grow stronger by having lived through them. Perhaps the most dreaded of these is the child's first encounter with the death of a person he loves.

We have lived through a generation when parents tended to shield children from any contact with death. The parents commonly have not been able to speak of death in factual terms. They could not say simply, "He has died." They found themselves speaking of "the departed

"What is death? What makes people die?" These are the questions youngsters are sure to ask and the parents must answer.



one" who has "passed on" or "gone to sleep."

Of course, we intended it as a kindness to children, thinking we could spare them. Thus the child was often sent away to stay with a friend or relative when death was imminent in a household, and was permitted to return only after the funeral. But in reality, the child was being denied the right to share a deep emotional experience with his family; he returned to his home with a flood of questions which were hush-hushed when he sought to understand and share in what had taken place.

What should be done in such cases is, of course, a matter of judgment based on the circumstances. If the dying person is being treated in the home and there is an atmosphere of great suffering, of confusion, and perhaps of hysteria, the child might well be sent to stay with an adult who can view the situation with balance and confident faith. If the older members of the family, however, are reasonably composed and accept the situation in a Christian spirit, he should be allowed to stay at home. He will not, of course, be in the sickroom at a time of crisis.

The same principle holds with funerals. Nowadays these are usually brief and dignified. A child old enough to understand may well share in a service honoring the life and memory of someone close to him. The revelation of the things that finally count in a person's life may be a strengthening experience for him. There should, however, be assurance that the members of the family will act with restraint.

Too often we have shut out our children from the two greatest mysteries, birth and death. We have long ago commenced trying to mend this mistake as far as birth is concerned. But not so concerning death. Even psychiatrists have seemed reluctant to talk or write about death, but an examination of recent literature suggests that this attitude may be changing.

One of the most important of the recent studies was made in Budapest. There Maria Nagey studied 378 children to discover what are the child's theories concerning death. She found that between the ages of three and ten a child tends to pass

through three different phases in his ideas about death. The young child, from about three to five, denies death as a regular final process. To him, death is like sleep; you are dead, then you are alive again. Or like taking a journey; you are gone, then you come back again. For this reason, a child of this age may seem callous when he is told of the death of a member of the family. He may express an immediate sorrow and then seem soon to forget.

Between about five and nine, it was found that a child tends to personify death, not yet accepting it as a final process. Not until around nine does a child begin to recognize death as inevitable for all persons and as something that can come to him. Other studies made in this country have brought out the same general line of thinking.

The investigations held in Budapest showed three main questions in a child's mind concerning death:

1. What is death?
2. What makes people die?
3. What changes are there in a person after he dies?

Or, to use the phrasing we most commonly hear from children, "What happens to people when they die? Where do they go?"

In attempting to answer these questions, we must keep in mind the age of the child and his concepts of death.

For the very young child, an experience similar to death—as he understands it—comes every day. Indeed, it may come many times each day, as when Daddy goes to the office, when Mother goes to the grocery, when Brother goes to school. A child may cry brokenheartedly for awhile, for the person he loves has gone. But presently Mother, or Father, or Brother comes home

again. After a time a child comes to believe that the person he loves will always come back again.

When a very young child encounters the permanent going away which we adults call death, one who loves that child can probably take his best cue from remembering the family scene at the daily parting. There a child's anxiety or panic is relieved if another person who genuinely loves him is present to keep the feeling of security from being completely broken up and to answer the child's questions truthfully but simply.

Similarly, when there is a permanent going away, a child's first need is not a theory of death but a sustaining affection which becomes a source of reassurance. Then questions about the death of a loved person can be answered simply, factually, without evasion.

As a child grows older, however, he learns that there is a going which is final. What makes people die? And what happens to people after they are dead? How can we answer such questions in the light of the New Testament? And how can we make the great teaching that is there comprehensible to the minds of children?

The New Testament knows two kinds of death: death of the body, which it does not regard as extremely important, and spiritual death, which is regarded as unrelieved tragedy. Spiritual death is a mature concept and probably beyond the comprehension of children.

In seeking to explain physical death to children, we have two areas of concern: the factual and the interpretative. In the factual area we draw upon any knowledge we possess, whether from scientific sources or from common observation, and share this knowledge with children. The core of the explanation is that the body has ceased to function. We may wish to say, for example, that the heart cannot beat any longer, the body was tired and could not do its work any longer, or to make some similar statement.

Preparation for an interpretation of death begins with the first religious concepts a child gains from his parents and teachers. There is a God; God is a loving spirit; God's love transcends human experience;

READER'S CHOICE

Once again, we share with you a fine, informative *Reader's Choice* feature (reprinted from the October, 1951, issue of the *International Journal of Religious Education*). Tell us about your favorite article. If first to nominate it, and it is used, you'll receive \$25.—Eds.

God can be trusted. In the New Testament interpretation of death two points stand out: the body has died, but life has not ended. In talking with children when we wish to share this interpretation, the principal point is that the essential person is still living and is still surrounded by God's love. We will not phrase it in that way, but children as young as the kindergarten age are capable of grasping this concept.

THE way in which this can be done in a family is beautifully illustrated by William Henry Hudson in his autobiography, *Far Away and Long Ago* (Dutton, \$3.95). As a young boy, he was thrown into consternation by the death of an old dog the family loved and he realized for the first time that death must come to all. When his mother sensed the child's disturbance, she had a long talk with him, during which she shared with him the Christian understanding of death. She put it this way: the part of me that says "I" goes on living, but the part of me that was my body goes back to the ground.

The way in which the same interpretation can be given to children in the church school is well exemplified by Pauline Best in an article in *The Journal of Pastoral Care* (Spring, 1948). Billy, a kindergarten boy of five, had died suddenly the night before and it was felt wise to interpret this event to the children on Sunday morning. They had loved Billy, and one by one they began to say what they had loved in him. The list which they finally compiled was:

1. Billy always came on time.
2. Billy smiled a great deal.
3. Billy shared the sandbox.
4. Billy wasn't naughty during prayers.
5. Billy liked to sing.
6. Billy liked to race around the room when the teacher wasn't looking.
7. Billy liked church school.
8. Billy was fun.

Then Miss Best helped the children see that the things they remembered about Billy are still with God; that God is still loving Billy just as truly as Billy's father and mother.

The second prevailing question

children ask is, "What causes death?" There are many popular ideas about the cause of death which often do great damage if used with children. There is, for example, the notion that "God took him" or "Jesus wanted him." These ideas commonly attribute the cause of death to God, and we run the risk of picturing God as an enemy who may strike us down.

Under such teaching a child sometimes develops an intense hatred of God which he then fears to express, with the result that he has an unnecessary burden of guilt to carry. Instead, we should draw upon concepts which we have already tried to give the child, i.e., God is always with people in life and continues to be with them in death—not as a judge or policeman, but as a loving father. We must avoid linking suffering and death with sin and punishment.

Any normal child sometimes has feelings of intense hostility toward another child or an adult. If that person dies, the child may then feel that his thoughts have contributed to the death of the person and that he is responsible. Commonly he is not able to tell anyone of his hostility or feeling of guilt. If a child seems to have an abnormal reaction of this kind, professional psychiatric help should be obtained.

In explaining the causes of death, we have to deal with three common ones: accidents, disease, and old age. In explaining these causes to children, it would seem wise to state the simple facts. By considering immediate, rather than ultimate, causes a child's attention is turned to the human elements of mistakes and poor judgment; to the lack of sufficient scientific knowledge; the need for better preventive measures, and so on. His own desire to take part in changing these human causes can be encouraged.

There remains a fourth great cause of death: war. Here, also, parents and teachers ordinarily wish to keep the child's concept of cause within the realm of human relations. This immediately raises further profound issues, but there seems no valid reason why a child should not share with his adults in their feelings of outrage that such things should be and in their determination to do all that

is possible to find ways toward peaceful solutions of human difficulties. By all means, avoid blaming one particular nation or people (the "enemy") for the death of a loved one.

What changes take place after death? Here, even more than elsewhere, we are in the realm, not of knowledge, but of hope. It seems wise to be as simple and frank with our children in this area as we seek to be in all others so that together we may rejoice in our hope without laying claim to knowledge which we do not possess.

There is one great article of hope in the Christian confessions of faith, and that is the continuation of life through eternity. There seems no reason why we should withhold from our children the knowledge that this hope exists and that it has always been a central point in Christian faith.

As for the details of life after physical death, it is well to recognize that we are in the unknown. Yet perhaps it is common among Christians to believe that we shall know each other, shall keep forever our comradeship with our beloved, shall be active in service without handicaps or pain, that life will be completely good, and that we shall dwell consciously and without interruption in the presence of God.

In this area of hope it is most important to help the child develop a trust in God and his creative purpose. As he learns to trust God in life, he comes to know that we can leave what happens beyond death to God in the confidence that he has made it good.

ANYONE who has known the love of God in life has passed beyond mere hope. He has attained to the certainty that God's provision for our need in life or death is greater than we should know how to ask for, or even to imagine. This sense of certainty we can share with our children. It is a North Star for us; it may be for them as well.

Reprints of this article are available from the Office of Publication & Distribution, National Council of Churches, 120 E. 23rd St., New York City 10, at 5¢ each, \$3.50 per 100.

*On a far-off tropical isle, I finally came to
realize the true significance of . . .*

The Thermometer

By REESE WOLFE

WHEN I WAS 17 I was sent to a small college in California to be near my uncle, a Methodist minister in a neighboring city. I didn't know it then, but it was the beginning of a journey that would ultimately take me halfway around the world to a tiny island in the Sulu Sea—and to a lesson I might have learned much more easily right at home.

My uncle's outreaching mind and greatness of heart made religion a living reality to be used and shared in everyday life. He exemplified what I thought of as a man of God. But from my point of view there was a flaw in his character that put a near-fatal strain on my youthful idealism; he also was a practical man who got things done. Each Sunday in the great new church he and his parishioners were building by their fund raising, I sat watching a tall board, painted to look like a thermometer, mounted off at one side near his pulpit.

At the thermometer's base a spool of red ribbon unrolled to simulate the climb of the mercury as the donations came in. My uncle was an eloquent speaker, and the higher rose the ribbon the longer and more eloquent became his sermons—and the more I suffered. As the ribbon climbed, my emotions climbed with it, from embarrassment, to disillusion, to indignation, to rebellion. I blamed my uncle's moneyed flock, which allowed him to auction at the pulpit his greatness of spirit in exchange for the member's pinchpenny gifts to God. In my compassion for my uncle I despised them all.

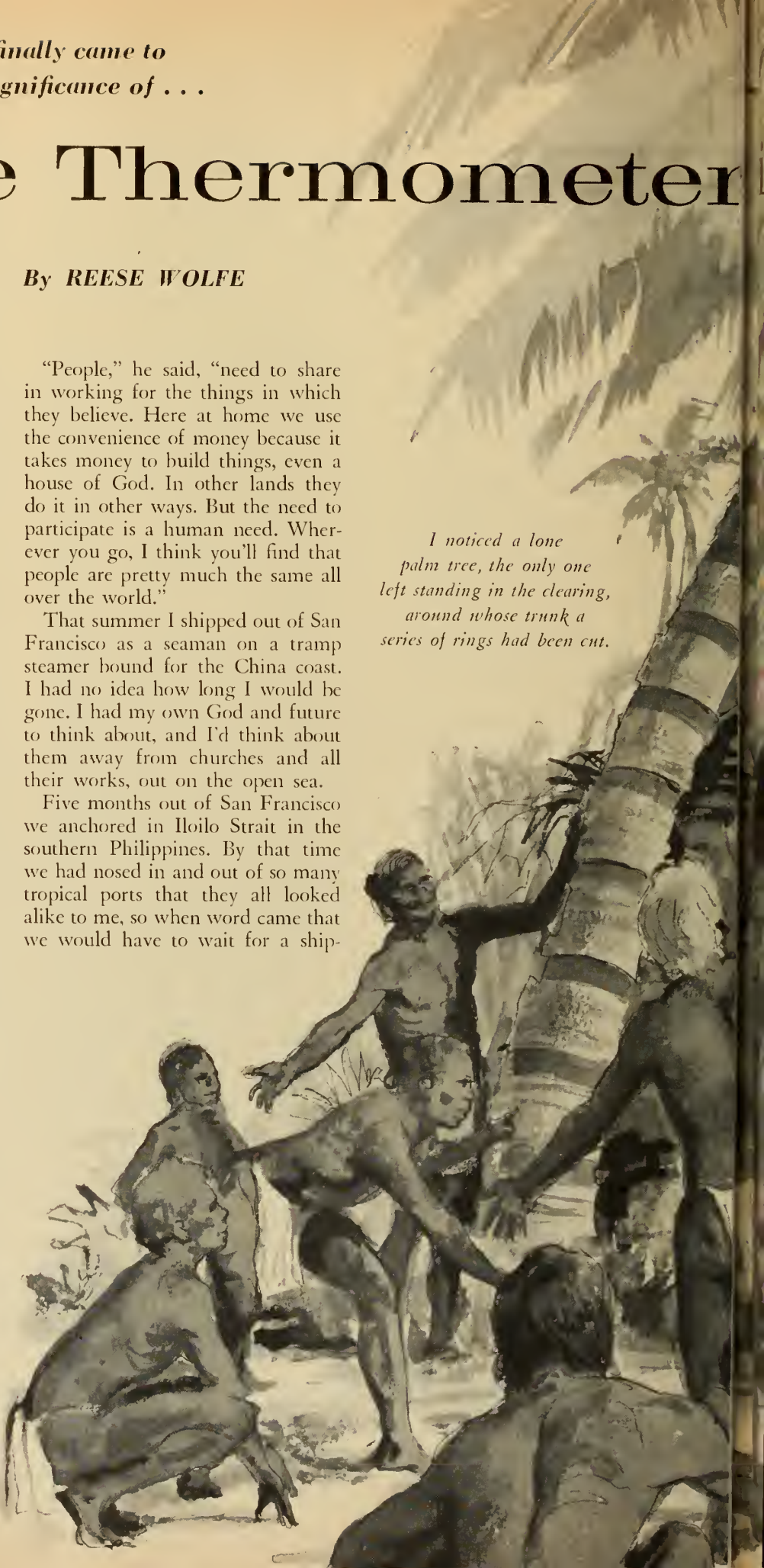
At the end of the college year I announced to him that I would not be back. "I'm going to sea to get away from all this moneygrubbing," I said. I hoped I hadn't hurt his feelings, and when he put his arm around my shoulder I was relieved.

"People," he said, "need to share in working for the things in which they believe. Here at home we use the convenience of money because it takes money to build things, even a house of God. In other lands they do it in other ways. But the need to participate is a human need. Wherever you go, I think you'll find that people are pretty much the same all over the world."

That summer I shipped out of San Francisco as a seaman on a tramp steamer bound for the China coast. I had no idea how long I would be gone. I had my own God and future to think about, and I'd think about them away from churches and all their works, out on the open sea.

Five months out of San Francisco we anchored in Iloilo Strait in the southern Philippines. By that time we had nosed in and out of so many tropical ports that they all looked alike to me, so when word came that we would have to wait for a ship-

*I noticed a lone
palm tree, the only one
left standing in the clearing,
around whose trunk a
series of rings had been cut.*





in My Uncle's Church

ment of timber to come down the river I resigned myself to a week of heat and boredom.

One afternoon, alone on the poop, I lay in a patch of shade and idly watched an outrigger canoe full of half-naked, brown-skinned boys laboring with paddles and a limp sail to get clear of the shelter of Guimaras Island across the strait. A sun-down shift of air was stirring, and when they had worked free of the flat calm along the opposite shore I could hear them laugh as their languid sail pushed them along without help from their paddles. I longed to be with them.

It was clear that they were islanders, not townspeople from Iloilo. From what I had seen of Iloilo, there was nothing to tempt me to return. The place to be was out sailing on the strait or, better still, swimming from the palm-shaded island beach on the opposite shore.

As the boys drew closer, one of them shouted something I couldn't understand. It was my chance and I took it. I motioned for them to come about. To make my meaning clear, I flung a line over the stern. They cheered and waved, maneuvering to come under the counter, and as they skimmed beneath me I slid down the line, had the good luck to land in their boat, and was off.

Since none spoke English, I smiled around at them to show my gratitude. There were six of them, the oldest at the tiller not looking to be over 15 and the youngest couldn't have been over 12. They had grown suddenly shy. I was not only the oldest among them, I was a foreign sailor off a big ship. But they were eager to show that they, too, were sailors, and soon they had their ungainly craft winging into the sunset like a chip on a flood tide.

Off the southern tip of the large

island were several smaller ones, and by sign language they made me understand that one of these was their home. Eagerly I persuaded them to take me there.

As we came about and headed inshore I was overjoyed to see that we were steering a course for what looked like a storybook island. It was the kind I had read about, imagined, and longed for—and just about given up hope of ever finding in all these seas. From the beach it looked white and green—dazzling white sand and bright green trees that became a jungle climbing to a peak topped by a tall palm. Nobody came here, so far as I could see, and nobody left except to sail or fish in the sheltered waters of the strait.

We slept on the beach that night, my first away from the ship since leaving home. I lay awake, listening to the surf and gazing up through the palms at the stars. In spite of these familiar sights and sounds, I had never felt so far away from everything I had known before. Next day, as I roamed the trails with my companions in search of coconuts, everything continued to be gratifyingly strange to me, stranger than what I had hoped to find from reading books. Nothing had a name I had ever heard before—the odd-tasting fruits farther inland, the brilliant flowers hidden in among the fantastic umbrellalike ferns, the sudden jungle sounds of unseen living things.

We found the coconuts, finally. I was high in a tree, trying to reach an especially large one, when with warning cries my companions came tumbling down from their trees. I saw a grown man in a breechclout running toward us, shouting and brandishing a vicious-looking pitchfork—clearly an outraged farmer.

I hadn't realized we were raiding

a private coconut patch, but I knew it now. Dropping my coconut, I half slid, half fell to the ground and bolted down a steep trail after the others amid a welter of bounding coconuts abandoned in our panic. It was a shameful waste, especially since I was hungry. So, determined to have at least something for my trouble, I managed to scoop one up on the run.

WHEN we had outdistanced the farmer and the others saw my trophy, they were delighted. Suddenly it was all very funny. They laughed and capered about, mimicking the farmer, and made me out to be quite a fellow. The oldest, the helmsman of the outrigger, invited me to come with him to his village.

They had preserved their ancient ways there, perhaps because of what they had seen of civilization on the opposite shore. I was surprised to find that in spite of their isolation they were friendly people. They were small and brown and wore almost no clothing, but they were graceful, with large, soft eyes and a talent for expressive gestures. They spoke with their eyes, their facial expressions, their hands, and with subtle movements of their bodies, making their meanings so clear that when I thought about it afterward it was hard to believe I hadn't actually talked to them.

They were athletes, too. At home I could hold my own with most good swimmers, but earlier that morning in a swimming race from the beach to a bight of land some quarter of a mile distant, to which my companions had challenged me, all of them, even the 12-year-old—if he was 12—had left me trailing in their frothy wakes.

My friend, like the others in the village, lived in a thatched hut on stilts, reached by climbing a ladder. With his mother and father and innumerable brothers and sisters all squatting on the floor around a large cooking pot full of I-don't-know-what mixed with rice, I took my turn at dipping up my meal with cupped hands. We ate without speaking, only our eyes exchanging convivialities. When we had eaten our fill, the pot was emptied through an opening in the floor for the pigs

waiting at the ground level below.

That night I slept in their hut. The entire house was one room and we slept on mats spread on the floor over palm leaves and ferns, the sisters on one side, the brothers and I on the other, with the parents between. I would have preferred the beach again, not so much for reasons of modesty as because of the vivid odors of cookery, pigs, and humans that permeated the close night air, but I was aware of the honor being done me by their hospitality.

In the morning when I made it known that I must return to my ship, my sailing companions reached some kind of agreement among themselves. Motioning me to follow, they set off up a steep trail outside the village. To me, a sailor out of the habit of walking, it was hot, pointless labor, until we had pushed our way through a last tangle of leaves and vines and I saw, across a clearing, the entrance to a cave. It was not an ordinary entrance, but a man-made archway of coral, white and gleaming in the sun. The broad approach of crushed sea shells was not yet completed. From the crude tools lying about, together with piles of shell and unused coral, I judged the work was still in progress.

Surprised as I was by the entrance, I was not prepared for the cave into which my suddenly subdued companions led me. As my eyes adjusted from the tropic glare outside, I found myself in a blue-green grotto of faintly glittering stalactites that hung from the ceiling like gigantic icicles and stalagmites which thrust up from the floor.

The abrupt change to the dim, quiet coolness was awesome. When a candle was lighted on a stone pedestal—the only man-made ornament in the place—the whole cavern sparkled with the reflected light. I had seen the Blue Grotto under the isle of Capri, a noisy place full of shouting boatmen and sight-seers, but in this jeweled chamber, small, remote, silent, with the iciclelike formations joined from ceiling and floor to form dancing pillars of fire in the candlelight, I knew I was seeing this place as God intended it to be seen.

One by one, beginning with the oldest boy, my friends stood a moment with bowed heads before their

simple altar. It was done quickly, naturally, without embarrassment. To me, watching them, it was like being in a chapel made for all men and all creeds when the world began. It would have been easy to pray in here to all their gods, who is the same God, everywhere, in everything.

Conscious that the others were watching me, I was struck then by the knowledge that all that had gone before—my sleeping on the beach with them, our swimming race, the raid on the farmer's coconuts, my overnight stay in one of their homes—had been their way of finding out if I were worthy of this place. Not knowing what else to do, I shook hands all around—much to their amusement, as handshaking was evidently not their custom.

Outside again, we were about to start back down the trail when I noticed a lone palm tree, the only one left standing in the clearing, around whose trunk a series of rings had been cut, spaced up the trunk about a foot apart. Curious, I went over for a better look. In one of the rings near the top a large wooden peg had been driven as some kind of marker. With enthusiastic pantomime, my companions acted out for me the labor of the villagers for their place of worship—the chopping of trees in the clearing, the carrying of heavy baskets of coral up from the beach, the crushing and laying of shells for the walk, the digging, the building—and with each phase of the work completed, the peg in the tree trunk was moved up, ring by ring, toward the top.

AS I stood watching my friends act out their pantomime, too many ports of call, too many months at sea, stood between me and thoughts of my uncle for me to experience a shock of revelation. But something stirred in me, some vague sense of a shared experience. And somewhere on the long voyage home the sure knowledge came over me that I had witnessed on that far-off jungle island the truth about the thermometer in my uncle's church.

Adapted from Reese Wolfe's The Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga, published October 5 (Regnery, \$3.50). © Reese Wolfe, 1959.

My Daughter Takes the Veil



*A poignant human document from
a mother who prefers to remain anonymous.—Eds.*

THE MORNING SKY is as leaden as my heart, with a chill rain slanting in from the northeast. I know I must avoid thinking of the things which will bring on the slow, bitter tears. I pick up some back issues of *TOGETHER* to look again at the lovely photographs.

Suddenly the title, *Methodists Become Catholics & Vice Versa* [October, 1958, page 21] leaps out at me. Here it is, set down coolly and methodically, the rate of exchange between two great religions.

I wonder how many readers think of those figures as people. How many know of the loved ones' hours of grief and regret; the heartbreak that hangs over most of those families, Methodist as well as Catholic?

For a week now, I have been sorting out, discarding, and packing away all the earthly possessions of a dearly loved daughter. How can I throw away those crude snapshots she made when she got her first camera? The program of the play she was in? The autograph books with messages from teachers and friends . . . "When you're married and the mother of twins, don't come to me for safety pins"?

Here's her high-school class ring and the pretty shoes she bought only a month ago. And her clothes, her record collection, her books—more than 20 years of life to sort and dispose of.

You see, my daughter left a week ago to enter a Roman Catholic convent. She has no further use for any of these things.

Yes, we shall see her again, as often as possible. We parted lovingly and I write cheerful letters nearly

every day. Just yesterday I sent her a box of homemade cookies.

But the step she took when she embraced Catholicism has led her into a world that is strange to us, and now the gate has nearly closed. There's only a crack through which we'll catch occasional glimpses of a familiar form robed in unfamiliar black.

The bewildered grief of our family reaches from aging grandparents—who loved the chubby baby, proudly watched her grow to womanhood, but now fear they'll never see her again—to brothers and sisters who are good Methodists and work in their church, as she once did; to uncomprehending nieces and nephews, who can't understand any of it, down to her father and me. He and I keep saying to each other, "If only I had been a better parent, or had spent more time with her," as we try to find the answer to an insistent, "Why?"

As her mother, my sorrow is mostly remorse. I think of the things I might have done or said which would have steered her life differently. My sins of omission and carelessness ride my shoulders and goad me with a cruel spur.

Here was a sensitive child who needed much reassuring love and security. Had I paused to love her more demonstratively when she was small, maybe she wouldn't have turned to the Roman Catholic Church for comfort and assurance when she grew older. Had I taken more time to help a plump teen-ager choose more flattering clothes and hairdos, maybe she would have had the companionship which, in her loneli-

ness, she found in the nuns. If I had gone with her to get books and had helped her find answers when she first began to question, instead of sending her to an overworked minister, perhaps she wouldn't have felt rebuffed.

I always left religious decisions to the individual child, teaching tolerance of others' beliefs. Perhaps if I had stressed Methodism more, the other church would not have seemed so inviting.

I put on a placid face to the world. To the curious I say, "She would never have married, anyway; she set her goals too high. This way she will always be lovingly cared for, even in old age. She will get more education and do worth-while work. She will not forget her family. She worships the same Trinity we do, even repeats the same Apostles' Creed. . . ."

Thus speaks my mind, logically and sensibly, but my heart drips sorrow as I lay a garment that she wore only a week ago in the box for the Salvation Army, put away her music medal from high-school days, and drop a lipstick-smeared tissue in the wastebasket. I can't throw off the feeling she is as far gone as if death had claimed her.

Why do I share this most personal sorrow with strangers? I really don't know. Maybe it is an emotional catharsis, a public flagellation for my past errors. Maybe I intend it as a warning to other parents.

Whether any good comes of it, I hope it makes clear that changing churches touches many lives besides those who make the move. And the pain it brings in its wake lashes Methodist and Catholic alike.



WINNER. For outstanding short-wave services, Dan Hoover holds an Edison citation. But who's at the mike now? Tinker Bell—one of his 10 pets.

HE HELPS HAMS. Dan Hoover's enthusiasm for amateur radio is as contagious as measles. In half a dozen years it has infected more than 50 other residents of Hillsboro, Ill.

An electrical engineer who became W9VEY in 1953, Hoover promptly tutored his wife, daughter, son, and daughter-in-law so expertly that they soon became licensed hams, too. In short order, his enthusiasm enlisted other recruits, ranging in age from 11 to 65. Currently, most of his spare hours are filled with free lessons for these budding amateurs.

But he has time for other activities, too. He's served Hillsboro Methodist Church in every way from lay leader to choir singer, with a decade in his present post of Sunday-school secretary-treasurer. (Mrs. Hoover is superintendent.) He also enjoys two other hobbies: pets (eight parakeets, one canary, one squirrel) and poetry writing. His greatest reward? Seeing a trouble-tempted teen-ager level off on a steady course because of a new-found interest in—you guessed it—amateur radio.

Unusual Methodists



DUAL PIONEER. Dr. Ella A. Mead broke new trails in medicine and in her 1906 two-cylinder Maxwell. At the left is a more up-to-date photo.



MEDIC OF THE YEAR. Back in 1885, when Ella A. Mead was 11, she made two life-shaping decisions: to join The Methodist Church and to become a doctor. To earn money for her first medical textbook, Gray's *Anatomy*, she raked countless bushels of leaves. And finally, in 1903, she received her medical degree.

Returning home to Greeley, Colo., after internship, Dr. Mead blazed many new medical trails. Among other "firsts," she delivered the county's first "hospital baby"—her nephew. Appointed city physician, she organized Colorado's first public-health nursing system; launched such measures as disease quarantines and milk inspection; promoted programs for the handicapped, child guidance, and mental hygiene.

Throughout these busy years, Dr. Mead has been an active worker in Greeley's First Church. Recently she was named Medical Woman of the Year by the American Medical Women's Association. Today, just as at 11, her interests still lie in her church and her healing. Her lifelong desire has never wavered: to translate her Methodist convictions into avenues of service.

CADETS' NEW COACH. Football fans this season are keeping their eyes on a 34-year-old West Point graduate now starting his first season as head coach at the Academy. He's Dale S. Hall, who moved up to West Point's top coaching spot after two years as defensive backfield coach and head scout. In the Point's long gridiron history, only one other civilian has held the top coaching job—and that was back in 1911. Hall admits that filling the post vacated by Col. Earl (Red) Blaik is "a tremendous challenge." But Blaik sees in his successor "the best man West Point could have picked."

Both Hall and his wife, Faye, are members of the Methodist church in nearby Highland Falls, N.Y.; both have served on the official board, and the entire family is regular in attendance at Sunday school and worship. The Hall household may be short on candidates for any future Army grid squad, but it is definitely long on promising talent for football queens in the years to come: Laura Jean, 8, Mary Susan, 6, and Janet Faye, 4. Friends say each one is "a little beauty."

GOING UP! In 1944, Dale Hall played halfback for Army. This fall he has a new job: head coach.



BOREDOM BATTLER. After 30 years as a customs inspector at Norfolk, Va., W. D. Keene, Jr., a landlubber, knows the loneliness of a seafaring man's life as well as any sailor. For five years he has been helping seamen fight the boredom of lonely hours on months-long voyages. His weapon: magazines, new and used.

His initial appeal to Norfolk residents brought an overwhelming response—but this was only the forerunner of greater backing to come. Last year, 300 families furnished 20,000 periodicals; publishers, 5,000. Letters from ships' crews testify to the niche the inspector and his magazines are winning in their esteem.


Like his wife and sons, William, 19, and Waidner, 13, Keene is a leader in Norfolk's First Church; Christian magazines naturally rank high on his distribution list. And occasionally he offers an extra with his reading material: a home-grown bouquet from his garden.

WORLD LIBRARIAN. W. D. Keene's magazines-for-sailors program spreads democracy's message. Four out of five go to ships from foreign nations.

Are We

ASKS

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY



George E. Sokolsky, columnist, commentator, editorial writer for a New York daily; he brings decades of counseling to bear on delinquency problems.

WHO IS the "we" of our question? Is it the state, the schools, the parents?

Parents have never, not even in Soviet Russia, relinquished responsibility for and authority over the children they begat. And as manners and morals can be taught, as a bush is pruned, or a dog is housebroken, therefore the primary responsibility for the conduct of children must rest with their parents.

Those who are "too busy" to care for their children take a desperate chance when they bring them into this complex world. But is anyone really too busy? We live in a country of high material standards; most workers are limited to a 40-hour week, and even if there is overtime the hours consumed are fewer than in any other country for similar work. Practically all our people enjoy a five-day week. There is, therefore, plenty of time for the parent to be with his and her children, even if both parents work. Of course, if bowling, or square dancing, or drinking in a

tavern or night club is more important than being with one's own children, then the responsibility for family life is ducked altogether—and if the child turns out to be a rascal, the parent has only reaped as he has sown.

A child requires time and attention—lots of time and lots of attention. A child needs to know the parent not so much intimately as respectfully.

When a parent tells me he makes a pal of his child, I always wonder if he knows what he is talking about. A 10-year-old child, for instance, and a 35-year-old man are not likely to be pals; their tastes and interests are so different it must be recognized that each is making an effort to know the other and not to hurt or disappoint him. A child should learn early to respect his parent and to recognize his authority as a way of orderly living; a parent needs to recognize that the child requires love and attention and that most of all a child demands justice—"fair" and "unfair" are early words in a child's vocabulary.

But a parent has another problem which in this chaotic century cannot be taken for granted. It does not take a child long to question the authority of the parent: "You tell me to do this, but how do you know?" This is particularly true of teen-agers, who often believe they know everything. To all children, parents seem older and stodgier than they really are. Since time immemorial, children have said to their parents, "Times change"; "You're behind the times"; "We do things differently these days."

These are natural expressions of growth in a child. A parent who fails to understand that he must assert his authority in his own household is risking the well-being of his child. A ship must have a captain, but who makes him a captain? A team has a manager, but how does he become a manager? An army has a commander, but who appoints him to be a commander?

Where does parental authority come from?

The parent receives authority to guide the child from nature and nature's law; that is, from God. "Honor your father and your mother, that your days may be long" is a commandment of God. It is not something invented by a professor in a university or a psychologist or a welfare worker. It is God's law.

So, we come to the first answer to the question of where the greatest responsibility for the child is. It is in the home. It is with the parents. And parents must assume that responsibility. When so-called juvenile delinquents are brought in by the police, the parents should be brought in as well. Let them explain what kind of a moral basis for life they have given the child.

Too Soft With Delinquents?

In our society, parents too often cater to their children. In broken homes, it is not unusual for both parents to bribe the child for its affections. There is as much delinquency among the well-to-do as among the so-called poor. Its form is different, but its substance is the same. Broken homes tend to make children egoistic. They either resent their parents or they trade one off against the other.

In a confused society such as ours, when we are changing from a predominantly rural to a predominantly urban society, when our people have gone through an almost continuous war atmosphere for 40 years, and have experienced a profound economic depression following upon the lawlessness of the 1920s, it is to be expected that the norms of our Judaic-Christian civilization will be questioned, doubted, and even rejected by many. When that occurs, children suffer from lack of moral guidance. Parents cannot risk the well-being of their children by arguing about what is right or wrong. Just as a legislature determines man-made law and asserts it with finality by throwing the offender into jail, so moral law must be asserted with authority and rigidity—and even with an old-fashioned spanking if necessary.

The next problem that presents itself is the school. We have, in this country, adopted two theories that endanger our children.

One is the basic idea of compulsion in education. Children must go to a school up to a certain age—16 or 18, regardless of whether they are mentally capable of learning the subjects taught.

Compulsory education was regarded as a progressive development when proposed by Horace Mann more than a century ago. But it now has become quite clear that not all children are equal; that some have mental blocks and can learn only up to the fifth or sixth grade; that after a while these children find

school a bore and learn nothing; that they become quarrelsome, exhibitionistic, and permit their imaginations to flow in the direction of sex and crimes. Such young people would be far better off in the disciplines of the shop and factory.

The boy or girl who is a thief, a dope pusher, or a switchblade murderer, who steals purses or mugs old people should be treated as roughly as possible by police and courts. He laughs at social workers and dogooders who help him get away with it. Those newspapers that will not publish his name or his picture only aid this boy—or, worse, a girl—in the role of a show-off who can break every rule and not be punished.

Young people need discipline. They do not get it at home; they do not get it at school.

THE second error made in our educational system is not universal, but it is quite general. It is the elimination of competitive factors. Everybody gets promoted. By this method, not only are the smart boys and girls discouraged but the blockheads and lazy ones are made more stupid.

The idea of moving a class along rather than the individual pupils is faulty education. The child who fails should be kept back. Coddling the weak and backward can produce only a weak and backward society.

When a hoodlum beats a teacher because he knows the teacher is forbidden to use corporal punishment, he is taking advantage of a situation. A show-off and an exhibitionist should be taught to be afraid of himself, his temper, his bad manners, his wrong outlook on life. He should be taught that nobody needs to put up with his shenanigans and that if he uses a switchblade, he will go to jail and stay there until he learns how to behave.

If a principal suppresses accounts of misbehavior to keep the school from having a bad name, he supports

the fresh kids in their attitude. The sound idea is to humiliate them in front of their companions, particularly the girls, to prove that the big shot is only a fresh creep and that he can be put and kept in his place.

Let us move to the word "delinquent." A juvenile delinquent is a child who falls short of the norms set by the community. The norms are, of course, arbitrary. All norms of life are arbitrarily fixed and, in every form of society, the abnormal is abhorred.

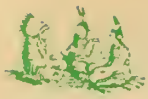
When one says that conforming is evil, what, precisely does he mean? Does he mean driving on the right side of the road is bad because it is evidence of conforming? Does he mean going through a stop light is good because it is evidence of nonconforming? Does he mean shoplifting is right because it is nonconforming and taking care of an old mother is wrong because it is conforming, corny sentimentality?

In a word, we need to define our terms to know what we are talking about. The delinquent falls short of the norms set for proper conduct. He is a menace because he creates disorder and adds to our cost of government—and therefore to our cost of living. He is a nuisance and should be treated as such.

He needs to be taught that being a JD is no joke and that he is not regarded as such by the police who alone should deal with criminals. The soft youth boards and similar bodies are not helping kids learn how to make decent men and women; they are showing them how to get away with what they ought not to be allowed to get away with.

Tolerance of evil can become a fearful sin.

*Now turn the page for
three views from readers on
controlling delinquency.*



Bart N. Peak



is a judge in Kentucky, has two children and seven grandchildren, has been a Methodist since boyhood.

Dorothy Detweiler,



a Californian and Conference lay member, is mother of the 1958 Methodist Family of the Year.

J. P. Stafford,



active Mississippi layman, handled young people's problems as a school principal and superintendent.

IF JAILS had ever taught people to behave, we wouldn't be building bigger and stronger prisons today.

This is not to say that juvenile delinquents should never be sent to jails or reform schools. Sometimes there is nothing else to do. And sometimes a few days in jail help a youngster realize the course his life is taking. But jail rarely offers rehabilitation.

The purpose of the juvenile court from its beginning in 1899 has been rehabilitation, not punishment. In my judgment, you rarely rehabilitate by force. Send a boy to reform school and you get him out of your hair for 12 months. Then what happens? Records show that 60 to 80 per cent of the boys committed to reform school come out to enter adult crime.

Our job is first, to find what makes a youth delinquent, next to treat the cause. This treatment must be based on social studies of the delinquent's family, plus psychiatric tests and possibly treatment for the youth and/or his parents. These professional services are usually lacking in juvenile courts and they do not come cheap. But if we value our children, we must give them education, recreation, and moral and spiritual training.

And, when they are wrong, we must help them see the right and give them a chance to do right.

My basic philosophy is that the average delinquent will respond to love, sympathy, and fair play more than he will to beating, rough treatment, and prison bars.

This, I believe, is the teaching of Christ.

GENERALIZATIONS are fine, but not where people are concerned. I know this is true from my own experience. I am the mother of three children; their father and I learned when they were babies that what worked with one did not work with another. And other parents have told us this is so in their families, too. Where one child needs a laying on of the hand, the other needs a laying on of the heart. Some youngsters need the get-tough policy and need it badly. Others, just as urgently, need the gentle, understanding approach.

Unfortunately, being a biological parent does not necessarily mean being a wise one, and merely spending more time with our children does not necessarily make them good. The quality of that time is all-important.

Too often when a child has gotten into trouble with the authorities, the parents who have already failed him refuse the help educators, police, or social workers offer. Instead they insist on continuing in their own blundering way. It seems to me that the place a get-tough policy is most needed is with these parents—not to punish them, but to insist that they co-operate with the authorities and learn how to do a better job with their children.

And our churches must lead the way. They must educate parents in more mature Christian living. There is no better way to guarantee a fine crop of non-delinquent juveniles in the future than to teach young parents how to be good Christian parents *now*.

THE WAY we used to do things is interesting and it can be helpful as a starting point, but it has decided limitations as a pattern for a new day. I would be happier with Mr. Sokolsky's article if it had more of a forward look.

I don't think we have been too soft with our delinquents; I think we have been too late. Our generation has not had the vision needed by people on the threshold of a new age. Parents and youths alike have rejected stale authoritarianism. Now many of us feel the pendulum is swinging too far the other way. Nevertheless, the woodshed philosophy of pioneer days, when the home was supreme, does not fit, either.

Mr. Sokolsky seems to expect the individual parent or teacher to buck the conditions imposed by the community and society in general. But this is quite an assignment for the average and below-average parent. In fact, it is a tough one for our brightest fathers and mothers. It is hard for an individual to spank a community, much less a nation.

What we need is not to recall all the timeworn arguments, but to get to a co-operative, imaginative approach based on research, investigation, and the intelligent leadership of social and religious groups and government agencies.

This will, no doubt, take courage and a deep dedication.

Crime costs us an estimated \$22 billion a year. I know we won't do it, but wouldn't it make sense if we spent as much for corrective instruction and research as our crime bill now costs?

Help for the Alcoholic

By EVERETT W. PALMER

HELEN was the town drunk. She'd started hitting the bottle at 18; every now and then, temporarily buoyed by a hope of providing a good home for her young daughter, she would make a short-lived attempt to stop drinking. Nothing worked; not alcoholic-aid groups, not hospitals, not sanitariums. Helen needed a great deal more.

Then one day a friend who had found Christ to be the answer to her own problems persuaded Helen to see Dr. William Seath, director of the Chicago Christian Industrial League, one of the most successful Skid Row missions in the nation. And he, in turn, patiently helped her uncover the root of her trouble—an episode involving her mother many years earlier.

He went on to demonstrate to her how foolish it was to let this wreck her life; he pointed out that God loved her, that Christ died for her. At long last, convinced she had powerful allies, she accepted Christ as her personal Savior. Then, so far as the mission director was concerned, Helen disappeared.

Not long ago, though, he heard from the girl who had sent Helen to him. She reported: "I visited Helen yesterday. People in her town can't believe she's the same person. . . . Of course, she isn't. She is a new creature in Christ."

Actually, Helen is only one of countless alcoholics now controlling their desire for liquor with the help of religion.

Is alcoholism a disease? A sickness? A sin? Is it a physical, a psychological, or a moral problem? Experts say it is all of them. They insist, further, that most of this nation's 5.1 million alcoholics—one

fifth of whom are women—can be helped. But, they add, if you are worried over some friend or relative, be sure you know what you're doing before you set out to assist. There are right and wrong ways to go about helping a victim of liquor. To guide you along the right path, here's a list of dos and don'ts drawn

up by some outstanding authorities:

1. *Don't scold, nag, or lecture.* Such an approach increases the alcoholic's shame, defeat, and hatred. In reality, he knows better than anyone else how much he is hurting himself and his loved ones.

2. *Don't force help on him.* The alcoholic must want to be helped;



*An alcoholic tries to find God
in a bottle. His real salvation begins
when he opens his life to Him.*



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

At a dinner, a rabbi was seated next to a pompous woman. "One of my ancestors," boasted the lady, "signed the Declaration of Independence."

"Is that so?" asked the rabbi. "One of mine wrote the Ten Commandments."

—MRS. M. V. FRANZ, *Portland, Ore.*

A minister phoned the Board of Health to ask that a dead mule be removed from in front of his house. The young clerk who answered, trying to be clever, said, "I thought you preachers took care of the dead."

"We do," answered the preacher, "but first we get in touch with their relatives."

—CAROL TESTERMAN, *Rural Retreat, Va.*

"I haven't seen you at church lately," a minister remarked to a member. "I hope you're not slipping from the fold."

"Well," replied the man, "my daughter's learning to play the harp. And—well—to tell you the truth, Parson, I'm not so keen about going to heaven as I used to be."

—MRS. C. E. BERKEY, *DuBois, Pa.*

When the six-year-old son of a Texan pledged \$100 a week to his church school, the superintendent, feeling the boy did not know what he was doing, called on the parents.

"It's perfectly in order," the father assured him. "We insist that the boy tithe."

—RUTH JEANNE WOODBURN, *Brazil, Ind.*

An anecdote isn't an anecdote if it isn't shared. Send us your pet church-related story; if it's used, you'll receive \$5. Sorry; we can't return any contributions.—Eds.

any premature attempt to aid increases his resistance. Alcoholics Anonymous says bluntly, "No one can force [another] to stop drinking until he honestly wants to quit."

3. *Don't make idle threats.* If, for example, a wife finally gives the ultimatum, "Stay away from me and the children unless you straighten out," she should enforce it to the hilt.

4. *Don't coddle.* Sympathy is required, but it must be extended with firmness. When one man found his wife finally had made good her threat to leave him, he asked a minister, "What's wrong with me?" He got a straight, firm answer: "You're a sinner." Shocked, and at first hurt, by this direct answer, the man soon forced himself to face facts—and a short time later was reunited with his wife. As he later told friends, "The bottle went out and the Bible came in."

5. *Don't harbor resentment or "fly off the handle."* Most alcoholics give plenty of cause for anger with their broken promises, sneaky tricks, and the disgrace they heap on their families. But bitterness and anger only diminish your ability to help. I still remember one girl who, resentful of her parents' drinking, ran away from home. But when she was assured that her presence helped them, she overcame her pride and hostility, and returned to aid.

6. *Don't give up hope.* If your problem drinker backslides, keep fighting. A setback often hammers home the knowledge that he must leave liquor alone; thus it may actually be a step forward. Many an alcoholic on the brink of insanity or death has fought his way back, but usually with the help of someone who refuses to let him yield. One teen-ager, for example, reported his father "has been in AA, off and on, for two years"—but despite these obvious intermittent setbacks, the boy was not giving up hope. With an attitude like that, he has a fine chance of pulling his dad through.

Now for some time-tested dos:

1. *Help him realize he's an alcoholic.* Dr. Howard J. Clinebell, Jr., minister-author, of First Methodist Church, Pasadena, Calif., says, "Early diagnosis and treatment are as important for those with alcoholism as for those with cancer." A binge—and

the remorse which follows—may lead the drinker to talk about his problem. If so, use that opportunity to help him realize he is a sick man. If you cannot talk with him, give him some literature.

2. *Help him know he alone can decide to stop.* The Church, says Dr. Caradine R. Hooton, Board of Temperance general secretary, can "trigger the motivation" to make alcoholics seek help. But only the victim can take the steps that will lead to a useful life.

3. *Treat him like an adult.* Assume he will be sensible and responsible. Build up his self-esteem. Encourage him to stand on his own feet.

4. *Pray for him.* Your prayers serve as channels for power which can prompt him to goodness, truth, and a new life. It's as James 5:16 says, "Pray for one another, that you may be healed."

5. *Point him to proven resources for help.* Medical science now has helpful drugs and, of course, psychotherapy.

In addition, there is the fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous. AA exists only to help anyone with a liquor problem. Founded in 1935 by an investment broker and a doctor, both of whom had hit bottom as alcoholics, it now has more than 200,000 members. The only requirement for membership is an honest desire to stop drinking.

6. *Use the forces of religion.* This is far and away the greatest step of all. Every wrong drive that sends a person to seek the false solace of alcohol finds its true remedy only in religion. As William James once observed, the alcoholic is a person seeking to satisfy his religious needs by nonreligious means. As we saw with Helen, the sufferer's anxieties, tensions, and conflicts; his feelings of guilt and failure; his fears, loneliness, and self-hatred—everything from which he has sought deliverance through drink, can be solved only through religion.

An alcoholic is a man who tries to find God in a bottle. His real salvation begins when he opens his life to God in surrender, through prayer and obedience to the way of Jesus Christ. There is no substitute for the therapeutic power of religion. When the alcoholic finds God, he loses his need for liquor.

*Here, in this
mountain-scarred
land, only now awakening,
Christian missionaries
are helping to shape the
future of millions.*

NEPAL

on top of the World



THE remote little kingdom of Nepal, traditional birth-place of Buddha, is sealed off inside giant Asia by icy mountains and miasmic swamps. Until recently its doors were closed to the world. Now sweeping changes are under way. Christianity has made its appearance — not with great church-building programs or fiery evangelism, but with a ministry designed to meet the crying needs of a people just emerging from feudalism.



NEPAL *on Top of the World* (continued)

THE NEPALESE live on the hillsides, in the deep valleys, and along the sacred rivers that sweep down from the snowy Himalayas to the Ganges. Some, it is said, have never seen a wheel. Only about one in 16 can read or write. Sacred cows roam freely and untended. Yet, were it not for the human misery that exists, picturesque Nepal would come close to fabled Shangri-la. This is the ridge-pole of the world, home of Mount Everest and hardy Sherpa mountain climbers.

As ideologies clash in once-unknown parts of the world, this little country is assuming an importance vastly greater than its area (about that of Iowa) or its population (about 8.5 million). Now that it has been opened up, air travel is increasing. Roads are being built. At the invitation of the Nepalese government, foreigners are bringing in modern methods and machinery. The Nepalese no longer want to hide behind their forbidding peaks. Ahead of them lies progress—and decisions about the social pathways they want to follow.



People of West Nepal: the nation's most backward section is home.



Nepal's sacred rivers, like those of India, serve as laundries...



...and see the burning of dead. Here, some Brahmans tend a funeral pyre.

He's a Gurkha, one of Nepal's tough fighting men who, for a century, served Britain as mercenaries.





Pilgrims on the trail: despite the rigors of a mountain winter, thousands of Tibetan worshipers such as these pour through Nepal's passes en route to a Buddhist shrine in India.

FROM the walls of temples, shrines, and homes, the expressionless eye of Buddha watches the people of this teeming land as they shake off the dust of centuries. Nepal, sandwiched between India and the towering terrain of Tibet, looks back on a past warlike, feudal, and tragic. Only as late as 1950, with revolution, did democratic reforms begin and doors open to the rest of the world. Then Nepal joined the UN and began receiving aid from her near neighbors, neutralist India and Communist China, and such rival world powers as Russia and the U.S.

The task is staggering. Nepal is a hodgepodge of many diverse tribes; even its religion is a mixture, neither strictly Buddhist nor Hindu. Suffering is widespread, posing a direct challenge to democracy. Until this year, when it was borrowed from the English, there was no word for "vote." Yet, in the face of such formidable obstacles, Nepal in 1959 completed the first election in its long history.

Christianity, too, faces a sharp challenge in Nepal. But latest reports are encouraging: the Nepalese seem hungry for the message of Christ.



Before the giant face of the flower-bedecked god, Bairhab, a pretty little Nepalese girl lights her oil lamp.



When the long rains come in June, the harvest is bountiful. The Nepalese cultivate up to the hilltops; there erosion is a growing menace. But the flatlands are aglow with fields of barley, rice, and wild mustard.

NEPAL *on Top of the World* (continued)

ISOLATION and rugged terrain have brought heavily populated Nepal a critical food problem. Its forests are retreating and, as raging rivers carry away precious topsoil, erosion is posing a mounting danger. If summer rains do not come in abundance, starvation threatens; if they do, erosion worsens.

Nepal's heart beats in the central valley where Kathmandu, the capital, lies atop a pleasant, 4,500-foot plateau. This thriving, 1,200-year-old-city is Oriental to the core, but many fine new public buildings and broad streets mingle with old temples and roofs reminiscent of pagodas. Kathmandu swarms with people of Hindu and Mongol origin—women in Indian-style saris, men with jodhpurlike trousers and colorful long shirts.



In Nepal there are few roads, no modern railways; river travel is usually by dugout. To get around, most people use "shanks' mare" even, as above, when toting Atlaslike burdens.



The icy heads of the mighty Himalayas loom high on the horizon beyond Kathmandu. The white tower, foreground, was built by a prime minister who wanted "to amaze the populace."



Healing hands welcome an invalid to the Protestant medical center. Her inevitable umbrella is more for dignity than for sunshine or rain.



The hospital at Kathmandu was once a palace.

NEPAL on Top of the World (continued)



"He's gaining!" Father watches proudly as nurse weighs a young patient.



A physician's skill, unknown here until recent years, aids an injured Nepalese man in the United Christian Medical Mission clinic at Bungamati.



The Flemings: Dr. Bob, the ornithologist...



...and Dr. Bethel, an expert in child care.

THE CHRISTIAN mission in Nepal, a ministry of medicine, is only five years old. A husband-and-wife team of physicians, Robert and Bethel Fleming, both of whom are Methodists, launched it. Today it is the interdenominational—and international—United Christian Medical Mission, with four locations now in active operation.

In 1956 another U.S. Methodist couple, Doctors Edgar and Elizabeth Miller, gave up their practice in Wilmington, Del., to join the Flemings. The UCMM is truly unique among missions: it is a direct outgrowth of bird-hunting expeditions led by Dr. Fleming—who is also an ornithologist of note—back in 1949 and 1952.



Once-shy villagers welcome a visit from doctors Elizabeth and Edgar Miller, one of the two U.S. husband-wife medical teams in Nepal. Many villages still have no schools or medical help of any kind.



NEPAL on Top of the *World (concluded)*

THANKS TO THE UCMM, a door long closed to the Christian way of life today is swinging open in Nepal. Fourteen missionary societies are co-operating to run Nepal's hospitals and clinics, where nearly a dozen nationalities are working together to relieve suffering and disease. As time goes on, more of the work is being done by Indian and Nepalese converts.

Dr. Elizabeth Miller, three years of work on the scene behind her, is typical of those looking now to the task ahead. "Nepal is truly a land of promise," she says. "Every opportunity is here at our feet. Much has been done in a magnificent way—but so much remains to be done!"

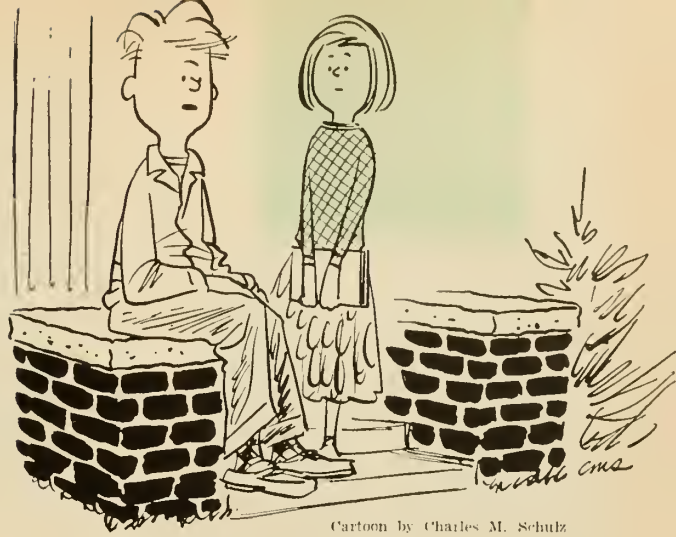
A couple kneels to take the marriage vows in the first known Christian wedding of Nepalese citizens. The date: November 20, 1958.

As man and wife, they work now at the UCMM hospital. For their native land they seek one thing: a brighter day.



Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

Q *I'm trying to keep from falling in love with a boy. We dated a few times last year. Now he is away at college. Not long ago he wrote, proposing to me. I told him no. He is deeply hurt. I could work up a crush on him easily, but he isn't the sort of boy I want to marry. What should I do?*
—D.S.

A Be kind, but firm. Write, telling him to go out with other girls. Let him know you are dating other boys. When the real thing comes along you'll recognize it. Meanwhile, you are wise to avoid entanglements.

Q *I am in the sixth grade, although I'm 13. I have cerebral palsy. New schools scare me. The junior high I'll attend gives new seventh-graders a bad time. Will they tease me? Will they make me look like a fool?*—J.C.

A I hope and pray not. Have you talked with your elementary-school principal about this? Ask him to get in touch with the junior-high principal and arrange things so you won't be embarrassed. New students in school should not be hazed. We should greet strangers and help them, not hurt them.

Q *Am I really in love? Mom says I am infatuated. Dad says I have a crush. I'm 13. I never felt this way before. When I am with my boy friend I am weak all over. I break out with goose pimples whenever I see him. When we're together I'm in heaven. Is it wrong for me to feel this way?*
—S.Y.

A It is not wrong. It is a troubled, but wonderful, part of growing up. Most girls of 13 fall in and out of love several times. Almost certainly your feeling is temporary. Be sure to discuss things frankly with your

mother. You'll find you can talk your way through your problems and come to good solutions.

Q *I am 19 and on parole from a state industrial school. The girl I love is 15. Her parents won't consent to our marriage. She suggests she get in a family way so they will have to consent. My parole officer says not to try it. Do you agree with him?*—W.B.

A Yes. Probably you would be arrested on a statutory sex offense. This time you might land in the penitentiary for a long stay. Your girl's chances of a happy life might be ruined. Her suggestion is bad.

Q *Must we obey our parents, even when they are wrong? I'm 14. The boy I like is 15. He is of another race. We are not in love, but we have dated several times. My parents have taught me that racial prejudices are wrong. Yet when they saw the boy they blew up. His parents feel the same way. Should we stop seeing each other?*—B.B.

A I hope you both will obey your parents. They love you; they are anxious to have you avoid heartaches and trouble. Your parents' anxiety may not be based on racial prejudice. It may just be a realistic awareness of your community's feeling and a desire to protect you.

Q *I am 18 and have been married one year. My wife is 16. We have a baby boy. We married with our*

"What worries me is that if I decide to go into the ministry, and if I get married, and if I have some children, will those children want to be the children of a minister?"

parents' consent. I went to work in my father's store. Now I will never graduate from high school. My wife had to quit, too, because married girls aren't allowed in our school. She scolds me because we don't go to dances and parties. We are in debt for our furniture. We can't pay all our bills. Our love for each other is dying. We used to be religious, but we never go to church any more. Will you print my letter so other kids can see it is a mistake to marry so young?—T.S.

A Gladly. And I have a suggestion: Talk to your minister about your problems. Join a young couples' group at your church and be active together in it. Have family devotionals; learn to pray about the things which seem to overwhelm you. Prayers are answered, you know. Your early marriage was a mistake. But you still may be able to have a Christian home and create a good marriage together.

Q *I am a boy of 16. I have a brother 14. We live in a Christian family. I can't understand why we should have so many arguments. We disagree on hours for homework, on the use of the car, on dating, on clothing, and other things. Are other Christian homes as bad as ours?*—J.B.

A Christians are human. All humans have problems. All families have disagreements. Probably your home is normal for a family with teen-agers. Our Christian faith gives us a basis for understanding each other and for working out our problems together. It gives us standards to strive



Ein' feste Burg was No. 24 in
this early Lutheran hymnbook.

HYMNS to LIVE BY

First of a Series: COURAGE

By **DORON K. ANTRIM**

IN A ringing assertion of his faith, Martin Luther in 1529 wrote, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*. His words, since translated into 184 other languages, are well known to American Methodists as *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*, No. 67 in *The Methodist Hymnal*.

When the courageous German reformer penned the words and music for this "Battle Hymn of the Reformation," he was inviting death by burning at the stake. Inspired by Psalm 46, the hymn is believed to have been written for the Diet of Speyer when, on April 20, 1529, Luther's adherents made their formal protest against revocation of their liberties and gained the name Protestants. A century later Gustavus Adolphus caused it to be sung by his entire army before the battle of Breitenfeld on September 17, 1631.

Countless times in many lands, this hymn has bolstered courage when doubts assailed and faith faltered. Over 400 years of constant, ever-widening use have entrenched it firmly in the heart of humanity. Its rugged, bracing words are for all time.

Within a few years after it first appeared, *Ein' feste Burg* spread rapidly across Germany, to Scandinavia and England. The first translation into English was made less than 10 years after the original publication in German. Miles Coverdale, who was also first in translating the entire Bible into English, gave the hymn to English-speaking Christians: "Oure God is a

defence and towre." The translation familiar to American Methodists was done by Dr. Frederick H. Hedge in 1852. Methodists in England use a translation written in 1831 by Thomas Carlyle. These are but two of 63 English versions of the hymn.

Although he made no claim to being a composer, Luther was an excellent singer and played both flute and lute with ability. The dignity and authority of *Ein' feste Burg* led such eminent composers as Bach, Mendelssohn, and Wagner to use Luther's theme in compositions of their own.

The musical debt which Protestants owe to Martin Luther does not end with the hymns he wrote. More important, perhaps, was the emphasis he placed on congregational singing, insisting that participation by the people should be in their own tongue. "It is my intention," he said, "to make German Psalms for the people—spiritual songs, that is, whereby the word of God may be kept alive in them by singing." He termed music "a fair and glorious gift of God."

It was October 31, 1517, that Luther nailed his famed 95 Theses to the door of Castle Church in Wittenberg. Each year Protestants around the world commemorate the anniversary of that event. This year on Reformation Sunday, November 1, choirs and congregations will lift their hearts and voices to proclaim once more their faith: "A mighty fortress is our God."

for. Therefore, our disagreements need not be as severe, nor last as long, as those in other homes. But we have problems and we'll continue to have them.

Q I had my 13th birthday last week. I'd like to go steady, but boys never look at me. I think it is because I am too fat and have halitosis. I have tried the gargles advertised on TV. They didn't work. I tried some reducing pills. They made me tremble and weak. Will I ever be nice looking?—D.W.

A Of course you will. Thirteen is a physically awkward age for many girls. But things soon get better. Talk with your doctor about your weight and your halitosis. Get a moderate reducing diet from him. Have your parents help you stay on the diet.

Q My girl friend has been going with a bad gang. We are both 15. She has been attending beer busts. Her parents think she is staying with me, when she is really out with the gang. Do I have a responsibility? Should I tattle on her?—H.A.

A You have a responsibility. Girls of 15 sometimes need a restricting hand. Talk with your mother first. Then have her tell the girl's mother what is happening. You won't be tattling. You will be helping.

Q I am 14. A boy of 17 wants to go out with me. My parents say I'm too young. One of my girl friends suggests that I come to her house to study in the evenings. She says she will have the boy to meet me there. We would be deceiving my parents. Wouldn't that be wrong?—K.C.

A I've known other girls to do what your girl friend suggests. They found it was wrong. Deceit always is bad. The girls' parents eventually learned what was happening. Then they restricted them severely. Don't do it.

WORRIED? PUZZLED? UNCERTAIN? Your problem can be solved if you tell it to Dr. Barbour, our experienced counselor. Write him in confidence, c/o TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.



Close Your Eyes and See Better

By MARIE BELL McCOY



WHEN I became blind four years ago, I groped about in the dark for the compensations I felt must be there, and I found them. When blindness closed my eyes to color, form, and movement, it also closed them to many less pleasant things: to distracting, annoying, fatiguing sights, to unnecessary and even wasteful seeing. With these blotted out, my other senses were stepped up, my mental and spiritual perceptions were sharpened, my ability to break fatigue was strengthened. I entered into a realm of new freedom.

Today I continue to explore and receive daily benefits from this realm,

and I wish that you who have sight might add my experience to your sighted world. All you have to do is simply this: close your eyes and see more.

Closing your eyes will help you do many jobs better, jobs on which eyesight is wasted. For instance, you really don't need your eyes during most telephone conversations; actually you can concentrate better with your eyes closed against all distractions.

Just watch people at the telephone in their homes, in offices, in telephone booths. Invariably, they are staring fixedly at the wall, making doodles on a scratch-pad or just

space, but really they aren't seeing anything at all. Why don't you try closing your eyes and just note the difference?

A neighbor of mine has another gimmick. She washes dishes with her eyes closed, claims it gets them cleaner since her sense of feel is far more reliable under water and soap bubbles.

I ASKED a number of my business friends whether they really needed to see when dictating letters. They all experimented—and they all reported that, although it seemed awkward at first, they are dictating now almost exclusively with their eyes closed. They tell me that ideas and phrases come to mind more sharply that way. Closing one's eyes is a great aid to concentration.

Actually, the habit of consciously closing the eyes shouldn't be too difficult to form, since we already do close our eyes at various times: to savor delicious food, to inhale deeply the fragrance of flowers or fruit. We close them, too, when trying to recall something to memory. If we do it then—with benefit—why not more often, with at least equal benefit?

Next time you're at a lecture or at church, instead of letting your eyes wander in optical woolgathering, close your eyes and open your mind. If the speaker has a real message, you won't need his gestures; if he hasn't, you may as well nap.

Here's another advantage: closing your eyes etches pictures more lastingly on your memory. In art galleries, in museums, on trips, check that universal compulsion to look all the time. Even if that were possible, which it isn't, you would return home with only confused and cluttered recollections. Choose to see well a limited number of things, then never be cursory about these. Instead, I suggest you try the trick I used to practice.

As you look upon the incredible beauty of an illuminated manuscript, the strong thrust of a cathedral spire against a lowering sky, the breathtaking sight of a white peacock standing motionless before a dark-green hedge, close your eyes to imprint the picture upon your memory. Open them to look again, then close.

Repeat this until you have completely memorized the scene. Years afterward, you will recall the sight as vividly and excitingly as if it were still there, just as it had been, directly in front of you.

This kind of memorizing goes deep. I know. Today my world of darkness is frequently lit by the beauty of some creation in my mind's eye, placed there by careful looking—with eyes open, then closed. This was a habit established in my childhood when my father taught me really to see what I looked at. He could not have left me a finer legacy.

We cheat ourselves if we let our greedy eyes do all the reporting. Our other senses are good reporters, too. To achieve the highest potential of perception we must draw on each sense. For example, at concerts and recitals, many wise music lovers listen with their eyes closed. Thus, with every extraneous sight and activity shut out, each listener, his perception quickened, moves wholly in the realm of sound. You'll get more out of your radio. And you'll increase your TV enjoyment, too.

My husband used to stare bug-eyed during telecasts of the Kentucky Derby, prize fights, and football games. "Nowadays," he told me recently, "I listen your way and it's a better show. My closed eyes become a backdrop on which I picture what I'm hearing."

You'll be amazed at how intense your other senses can be—if you give them a chance. Years ago, when I could still see, I remember standing before a huge waterfall. It was truly a dazzling sight. Then I closed my eyes against the foaming, glittering sight of it and, from out the great roar that was like a thousand timpani, there emerged a smooth symphony composed of countless splashing sounds.

My nose sniffed out the watery flavor of the air, my taste buds so alive that I was suddenly thirsty. I reached out and let the freezing cold spray strike my hand. Then I opened my eyes and immediately my other senses lost their edge and the falls were once again only one dimensional. I had experienced the waterfall. Sight was not enough.

This may sound strange, but one of the things I miss most is not being

able to let my eyes luxuriate in occasional rest—rest just for the sake of rest—much as we rest a tired back after weeding or weary muscles after tennis. Modern ophthalmologists claim that rest alone won't cure, nor will lack of rest cause, serious eye ailments, but I well remember the simple comfort I found in merely closing my eyes.

This eye relaxation seemed to communicate itself to the rest of my body, to my mind and spirit. Granted, in this hurried, competitive world, you can't indulge in any long periods of eye rest. But let's face it, there are countless opportunities throughout the day when you could just close your eyes for a restful moment. Just try closing them—on trains, planes, buses, in doctors' offices, while you're waiting for a movie to begin—and you'll begin to see what I mean, I'm certain.

In elevators, isn't it pointless to keep your eyes riveted on the floor indicator? The operator will call your floor. And why waste your eyesight by looking so closely at the other passengers—the dandruffy collars, the tortured hairdos, the ubiquitous and indefatigable gum chewers? Close your eyes.

Consider, too, how much you can rest your eyes in barber and beauty shops. Only after I became blind did I learn how restful a beauty shop can be. I had always watched the operator's every move, fretting over everything she did. I invariably left the shop exhausted. Now I leave the whole business to her. And the results, I'm told, have been better. In addition, I leave the shop relaxed and refreshed.

THERE'S another level to this closing of the eyes, it seems to me. It enables us to develop our "sixth sense." I often suggest to parents that they try occasionally to look at their children with closed eyes. That way they don't see the mussy hair, the dirty hands, the scuffed shoes that are frequently so irritating. Instead, they see what is more important and infinitely dearer, their very souls. For the first time, perhaps, they really hear completely what the child has to say and they can sharply sense, by an inflection, a tone, a word, some small anxiety,

some deep affection the child feels.

One young father to whom I made this suggestion was startled one day to detect in the voice of his eight-year-old daughter a tone of evasion, a downright craftiness. Day after day as he talked and listened, it was there. Investigation disclosed that his child had come under the influence of a slightly older girl, reputedly an inveterate liar. He and his wife quietly broke up this companionship and the child is returning to her candid self. He credits the early discovery to what he terms his "psychic stethoscope," for, with his eyes closed, he was not diverted by her dimples, her appealing gestures, her beguiling smile.

A minister once told me that he always closed his eyes when people came to seek his advice and help. Only then, he felt, could he really get behind the mask we all wear to protect our real selves.

As a child, I once asked my old nurse why we closed our eyes to pray. "Because then," she told me, "we are in the spirit." Her answer is still valid. When the windows of physical sight close, the windows of the soul open. To close the eyes is to enter an additional world intimately. Here, unless prevented by self-pity or resentment, we tap the Great Reservoir for strength and patience, for understanding and wisdom. Similarly, our sighted friends, in briefer closings of their eyes, may find full measure for their need. We see more, this time with the inward eye.

Above all, closing your eyes should infuse all your sight experiences with gratitude. As you open them again, and realize you can see, gratitude will clear your vision of the fog that comes from too casual acceptance of your gift of sight, and will polish the lens of your inward eye to a fine clarity. Learn to respond joyfully to that first bright shaft of sunlight, to the dandelion yellow of your breakfast egg. Atop your morning cup of coffee there are iridescent bubbles. Before you gulp down this rainbow, give thanks for eyes to see it. At the end of the day, be especially grateful for eyes to see, and return, the look of affection in the eyes of those dearest to you.

You have so much to be grateful for. Try to be more aware of it.

Dr. Nall
Answers Questions
About



Your Faith and Your Church

Should Methodist ministers wear 'clerics'?

The clerical collar, proclaiming that ministers are called out of the world, sets up some barriers, knocks down others. Its justification, as Roger Lloyd, a newspaperman, says

in *The Manchester Guardian*, "depends on whether a man's function, the purpose to which he has given his life, should be obvious to all who set eyes on him."

What does ecumenical mean?

It does not mean "interdenominational," "international," or "interracial." Holland's distinguished churchman, J. C. Hoekendijk, once expressed it this way: "Ecumenicity refers to the whole Church bringing the whole Gospel to the whole world."

So, ecumenicity is not an end in itself, and ecumenics is not a study set apart from other disciplines. Nor

can ecumenical study, as we find it today in colleges and seminaries, be regarded as the frosting on the cake; it is the cake itself.

Ecumenicity is not Christian cooperation on the lowest common denominator. It is not denominational coexistence. It is Christian wholeness—and that means the renewal of the Church in unity, witness, and service.

What is the Messianic hope?

Through long, disaster-filled centuries, the hope of the coming Messiah (literally, "anointed one,") was all that kept the Hebrew people together. There are a number of references in the Old Testament where this expected ruler is described as a leader possessing wisdom, understanding, counsel, might, knowledge, and reverence.

Most believing Jews maintain that the Messiah is still to come. Christians, joining the idea of an earthly leader with that of a heavenly (see Daniel 7:14), hold that Jesus is the Messiah. There is no doubt that he himself believed this, though he added much to the old Jewish notions, notably the idea of the Suffering Servant who saves by his suffering. Yet he maintained that a

community of believers and sufferers, and not merely an individual, has a blessed part in this saving.

Thus Jesus came with the idea of a kingdom that is not of this world, yet in this world. It is not up in the clouds somewhere, an invisible association of good men, but a company striving to make good a world that is a mixture of good and evil. It is an organized society of men in which sin, now interposed between God and man, loses its power, and is finally done away.

This makes the Church a definite part of the Messianic hope.

Author, traveler, lecturer, teacher, minister of God—all these describe Dr. T. Otto Nall, editor of The Christian Advocate, who discusses with authority readers' questions on The Methodist Church and its beliefs.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS

ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

OCTOBER 4

"And you shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth."—Acts 1:8

TWO MEN were standing outside a courtroom. Said one to the other, "Are you a witness or just looking on?" The man questioned was a witness, either as a spectator or as a participant.

This is true of our Christian discipleship; we may be spectators, merely looking on. Our witnessing may be passive or even negative. The power of making the Gospel felt in all areas of life is not our major concern. We have not made our witness a reality.

Jesus' commission to his disciples, "You shall be my witnesses," is one that is binding on us as his followers. And what a glorious challenge it is! To be direct and definite in our representative capacity is a goal worthy of our best. To begin where we are, and to make our lives count in terms of friendliness, inspiration, and helpfulness, is true witnessing. To take our stand, as it were, in the witness chair, and to say by our words, our lives, and our influence, "This is what my faith means to me," is our greatest testimony.

We witness by our words. If we could have recorded everything we said yesterday and then played it back, how would we see ourselves? Few things are more revealing than our words.

We witness by our lives. Our actions are reflections of our faith. For as Emerson said, "Live truly and thy life shall be a great and noble creed."

We witness by our influence. This was what Paul had in mind when he wrote, "You yourselves are our letter of recommendation, written on your hearts, to be

known and read by all men" (2 Corinthians 3:2).

Those who take God seriously know the meaning of witness to which he calls them. By their words, their lives, and their influence they give proof to the greatness of their Christian faith.

Prayer: Grant us the wisdom and courage, our Father, to witness for him whose name we bear, whose we are, and whom we serve. Amen.

—RAYMOND R. KREPS

OCTOBER 11

And Peter said to them, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit."—Acts 2:38

WHEN THE *Mayflower II* sailed a few years ago from England to the U.S. we were living in Lynn, Mass. We decided our two sons would appreciate history more profoundly if they could be in Plymouth when the famous ship arrived.

Mark and David were nine and seven. The impression of the tiny craft coming into Plymouth harbor will never be erased from their memories. We talked about the hazardous life in that first year in the New World when the Pilgrims sought freedom to worship God. The boys asked searching questions about freedom and faith, their meanings and applications.

Just as certainly as the Pilgrims found freedom from their spiritual enslavement, so, too, have Christians throughout the centuries as they have repented of their sins. They have received Christ's forgiveness for their estrangement from God. Freedom comes to him who is repentant, for he makes himself no longer the center of

his own universe; now, for him, Christ truly becomes the way, the truth, and the life.

Jesus' way of life enables the Christian to breathe the exhilarating air of freedom. No longer is he constricted by multifarious laws and prohibitions. He is sustained in his weakness and temptation by the gift of the Holy Spirit. With new strength he faces each day unafraid and can reaffirm with St. Paul that "it is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me" (Galatians 2:20).

Prayer: Our Father, who dost breathe freedom into the lives of thy children everywhere, help us to know that in Christ Jesus we can find our freedom from the enslavement of sin. Sustain us hourly by the gift of thy Holy Spirit until we are wholly thine. Amen.

—JAMES EDWARD DOTY

OCTOBER 18

But Peter said, "I have no silver and gold, but I give you what I have; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk."—Acts 3:6

IN THE brochure *Human Relations in Modern Business*, compiled by business leaders of America, five basic needs of men are listed: self-respect, respect of others, a chance to live, assurance of security, and social life. Both employers and employees thus recognize needs other than money.

Peter had labored with Christ three years without personal funds. Nevertheless, as he launched out on post-pentecostal projects, he bulged with spiritual riches. All the priceless teachings of the Savior were his firsthand possessions. But he was without funds—and promptly he encountered human need. The "Beautiful

Gate" cripple had subsisted on cash to that moment. After years of begging, his condition was unimproved. Along came wealthy, though coinless, Peter prepared to enrich him permanently. The mighty name of Jesus Christ was invoked, a brotherly hand was offered, and the man quickly rose to become an asset to society rather than a liability.

Suppose you had a large coin and no spiritual power to offer the social mendicant? That would be a travesty on Christian benevolence.

In the story of *Doctor Zhivago*, Antonina Alexandrovna on a journey to the Urals needed food desperately. At a train stop she exchanged an embroidered towel with a peasant woman for half a roasted rabbit. As Antonina wended her way back to the train, her heart pounded for fear she had cheated the woman by such an exchange. This is the type of character which makes money look like trash.

Underneath the gift of Peter was the miracle-working name of the One who made stars and human frames. The ordinary hand of Peter was the conductor for that power which operates the universe, bringing daily rebirth of morning light out of darkness.

Prayer: Dear Savior, whose mighty name lifted the prone cripple to a place of action and usefulness in society, enrich, we pray, our lives with spiritual power that we may enlarge other souls and increase their fellowship with thee. For thy name's sake. Amen.

—HARRY E. BROOKS

OCTOBER 25

But Peter and John answered them, "Whether it is right in the sight of God to listen to you rather than to God, you must judge; for we cannot but speak of what we have seen and heard."—Acts 4:19-20

MILE ZOLA, the French novelist, was contemplating retirement as he sat at his desk. Before him were the records of the trial of Alfred Dreyfus, condemned for treason. As he studied them, Zola became convinced that Dreyfus was innocent. Further, he became convinced that the army officers who had railroaded him to prison would fight desperately to prevent reopening the case. Zola

was an old man and a successful one. Why get himself involved? It was a crossroads in the history of the conscience of man. Zola decided that he must listen to God. He began to write. *J'accuse* appeared in the newspaper next day. The fight was on. Years later, Dreyfus was exonerated.

Listen to popular opinion rather than to God?

That was the question Jesus faced when Pilate asked him, "Do you not know that I have power to release you, and power to crucify you?" (John 19:10). This was the question that Albert Schweitzer faced when he began to write his *Declaration of Conscience*, in which he said that the explosion of nuclear weapons represented a violation of the natural rights of man, threatening his health, his air, his water, and his food. Dan Taylor, of our Methodist Board of World Peace, faced that question also when he testified before a committee of Congress, asking for an end of military conscription by which we submit young boys to the moral training of a first sergeant.

Again and again the clamor of the world tries to drown out the voice of God speaking in the human heart. And another thought comes to mind: Doesn't every radical, every fanatic think of himself as driven by the voice of God?

I will never forget interviewing a woman patient in a hospital for the mentally ill. She had killed her landlady with a stick of wood. She had had nothing against her—but felt she had been "ordered of God" to do this awful deed. How do we distinguish between a prophet and a fanatic?

"We cannot but speak of what we have seen and heard." The authentic witness of the Gospel is the transformed life. Remember that poor lame fellow who had just been healed? He was still standing there. He was the living witness to the transforming power of the Gospel. He was a fact. There is nothing fanatical about a fact. Maybe our theories about the facts are suspect, but it's hard to quarrel with the transforming fellowship of the Church.

Prayer: Lord, when we speak, believing we are uttering thy words, let there be lives made better for our speaking. Amen.

—P. MALCOLM HAMMOND



Raymond R. Kreps
Denver, Colo.



James Edward Doty
Indianapolis, Ind.



Harry E. Brooks
Scranton, Pa.



P. Malcolm Hammond
Boise, Idaho



This drawing by A. R. Wand of a circuit preacher, reproduced in This Is the South, recalls the old saying: "It's a terrible night, only crows and Methodist preachers are out."

BARNABAS

Looks at New Books

THE SOUTH is headline news these days. But real understanding of that section of the U.S.A. is fuzzed up by pictures-in-the-mind of the Negro mammy, the Dixie senator, and the hillbilly. That's why a book such as *THIS IS THE SOUTH* (Rand McNally, \$6) is important. For early October publication, it draws on 32 authorities on Southern life to give us a realistic picture of Dixie today and in the yesterdays that formed it.

Methodists will be particularly interested in a chapter on *The Preacher* by Dr. James Sells, executive secretary of the Southeastern Jurisdictional Conference. The book was edited by **Robert West Howard**, himself the son of a Methodist parson.

Bible students will find additional aids in the new *REVISED STANDARD VERSION REFERENCE BIBLE* (Nelson, \$9-\$22.50 in various bindings). Over 75,000 listings in center columns refer readers to other passages having a com-

mon theme. Some illustrate the meaning of a verse, others complete the thought or indicate the outcome. And for passages in which a particular word or name appears, there is a concise concordance and list of proper names.

Completely reset in a new type for this edition, the RSV Bible has never been so easy on the eyes. And it's particularly appropriate that the RSV REFERENCE BIBLE appears on September 30—the seventh anniversary of the RSV Bible itself.

All too often, a promising literary talent sparkles brightly, then, betraying the hopes vested in it, fizzles out. Happily, that's far from the case with **Harry Golden**, the New Yorker-turned-Carolinian who struck a responsive chord in the hearts of all the nation with his *Only in America*.

Now he's repeated. His new book is *For 2¢ PLAIN* (World, \$4), a sensitive collection of essays which touch on everything from his aunt to Mussolini,

from Jewish rye bread to loneliness.

Golden, editor of *The Carolina Israelite*, is unique. He's a man of no pretense, great simplicity, and an unbreakable tie to the common people. And if you're wondering what that cryptic title means—well, back when Golden was a boy in New York City's teeming Lower East Side, seltzer water sold for a penny a small glass, two cents a large glass, and sirup an extra cent. Customers wanting a large glass used to walk up to the counter and say, "Give me for 2¢ plain"—an expression which awakened a lot of boyhood memories in Barnabas' heart, too.

No matter how you feel about Richard Nixon—and opinions range from passionate admiration to violent distrust—you'll probably feel exactly the same way about him when you've finished *RICHARD NIXON: A POLITICAL AND PERSONAL PORTRAIT* by **Earl Mazo** (Harper, \$3.95). It's a detailed, penetrating, and fair study of an extraordinarily paradoxical personality. Mazo is Washington political writer for *The New York Herald Tribune*.

The ruins of Angkor, Cambodia's ancient city, stand entwined by the grasping jungle, a nesting place for birds, a sun parlor for lizards. Its jewel-encrusted temples, built to shelter the gods, are elaborately carved with designs and figures telling the story of the Khmer generations that flourished between the 9th and 13th centuries.

ANGKOR (Praeger, \$8.50) contains **Malcolm MacDonald's** vivid descriptions of the ruins, plus 111 excellent photographs.

Most Methodists know Webb Garrison as president of Methodist-related McKendree College, a Methodist minister, and the author of books and articles on religious subjects.

But this respectable-looking gentleman leads a double life. As **Gary Webster**, he is the author of several lively books on science. His latest—*Gary Webster's*, that is—is *CODFISH, CATS AND CIVILIZATION* (Doubleday, \$3.95), which tells the amazing story of the part other living creatures have played in man's history and civilization. It's stimulating reading.

SEX, VICE, AND BUSINESS (Ballantine Books, 50¢) isn't pleasant reading, especially if you lean toward complacency. Reporter **Monroe Fry** traveled 30,000 miles in two years, crisscrossing the continent to look behind the scenes at bootlegging, prostitution, gambling, and the like in communities large and small. He makes some charges against Americans in general which, if true, must be of sharp concern—particularly to those of us who call ourselves Christians.

Bootlegging, he says, is almost as prevalent as during the Prohibition era; vice, he charges, flourishes largely because a community's legitimate businesses want the flow of cash it brings in its wake; the citizenry at large encourages wrongdoing behind a façade of righteousness, and all too many Americans fall into the trap of believing sin is wiped out because they have (a) passed a law against it or (b) read about cleanup campaigns.

This, in my opinion, is not so thorough a book as it could have been. On the other hand, it ought to stimulate thinking among churchgoers. But don't read it if you're afraid to have your eyes opened.

In *THE HOLY BARBARIANS* (Messner, \$5) **Lawrence Lipton** tells about Itchy Dave Gelden, who dropped in one day carrying a leaflet he had been given, announcing that the world was coming to an end. "Whose world is coming to an end?" Itchy Dave asked contemptuously. That summarizes the attitude of the hip, cool, frantic generation of new Bohemians who call themselves "beat."

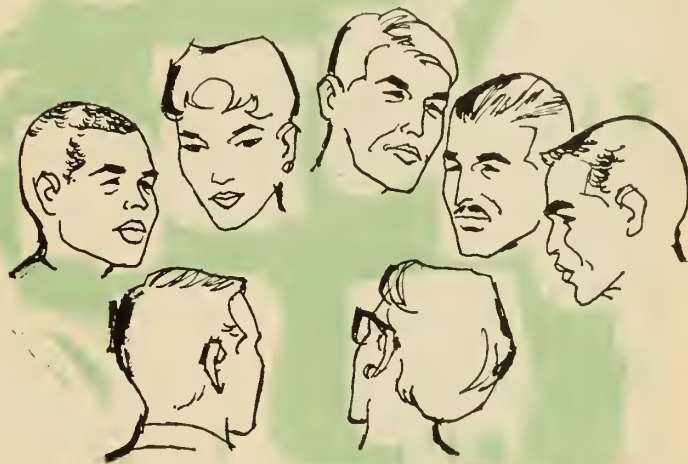
Lipton calls them "holy barbarians"—holy in their search of self, barbarian in their rejection of the so-called "civilized" standards. His book is a detailed and chilling picture of their way of life.

It's a pleasure to report that Jedediah Smith is being rescued from his niche as the forgotten man of Western history. Had he not been killed at 32 by Comanches in Texas, had his journal not been lost or burned, every school child would know why discerning historians rank him alongside Lewis and Clark. For he was the first American to cross overland to California and the first white man to explore the West Coast from Canada to Mexico.

A Jedediah Smith Society has been set up at Methodist-related College of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif.—Diah Smith was a devout Methodist. Now he's the theme of a book for boys, *JEDEDIAH SMITH, TRAIL BLAZER OF THE WEST* by **Hal G. Evarts** (Putnam, \$3) and shows up as a background character in *BEYOND A BIG MOUNTAIN* (Hastings, \$3.95) by **Peter Decker**. Both are factual but fictionalized—and should be welcomed by anyone curious about the breed of men who preceded settlers in the West.

How well I remember the sinking, all-alone feeling Mrs. Barnabas and I got when we brought our first-born daughter home from the hospital and realized, suddenly, that her life and happiness were in our hands! That's why I am so glad to see **Dr. David Goodman's** straightforward book, *A PARENTS' GUIDE TO THE EMOTIONAL*

The Road to PEACE



... is through understanding. And United Nations Week, October 18-24, reminds us that Christians must know the world they live in. Here are books to help.

Germany and the East-West Crisis: The Decisive Challenge to American Policy by **William S. Schlamm** (McKay, \$3.95)—a profound, disturbing book written with passion and conviction.

Five Ideas That Change the World by **Barbara Ward** (Norton, \$3.75)—a gifted political analyst views nationalism, industrialism, colonialism, Communism, internationalism.

Journey to Poland and Yugoslavia by **John Kenneth Galbraith** (Harvard University Press, \$3)—journal of an American economics professor who lectured behind the Iron Curtain.

Rice Roots: An American in Asia by **Arthur Goodfriend** (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95)—an American family's year in central Java; a report that digs deep into Asian attitudes.

Egypt in Transition by **Jean and Simone Lacouture**, translated by Francis Scarfe (Criterion Books, \$7.50)—weak on Pan-Arab policy, but the best book yet on Egypt today.

The Prerequisites for Peace by **Norman Thomas** (Norton, \$2.95)—an American liberal presents a concise and forthright analysis of the problems of building for peace.

The Soviet Union and the Middle East by **Walter Z. Laqueur** (Praeger, \$6)—excellent perspective on Soviet attitudes and the response they're getting in a critical area.

No More War by **Linus Pauling** (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50)—a Nobel Prize-winning scientist gives us facts about nuclear war and pleads for international understanding.



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NELDS OF CHILDREN (Hawthorn Books, \$4.95). It's wise and positive, based on two key ingredients—*love* and *common sense*. It goes far beyond the current standard works in the field.

"You have the LINCOLN LIBRARY!" exclaimed one of our lady staff members, spying a copy of the 24th edition in my bookcase. "It taught me how to work square root!"

Seeing my startled look, she explained: "My geometry teacher finally gave up trying to teach me the way to find the square root. The principal failed. My grandfather took over—he was sure he could teach me because he'd been a teacher before he went into the ministry. Still no light. Then one day I looked up square root in the LINCOLN LIBRARY. There it was, plain as day."

I should add that THE LINCOLN LIBRARY OF ESSENTIAL INFORMATION (Frontier Press, \$27-\$33 for single volume, \$31-\$38 for two-volume set) also covers a vast amount of other fundamental data. It's an excellent family reference book.

Go Exploring in Books is the theme of Children's Book Week, November 1-7, and fall publication lists promise exciting reading for all young adventurers. In fact, it's hard for imaginative-minded adults to pass by the colorful children's book displays these days.

Readers who got a lift from *Facing Fear* [April, 1958, page 17], which was excerpted from **Charlotte Edwards' Heaven on the Doorstep**, will be glad to know that Mrs. Edwards has written another volume of personal essays. It's **HEAVEN IN THE HOME** (Hawthorn Books, \$3.95). It doesn't have the impact of her former book, but it's a pleasant discussion of love, children, neighbors, faith, work, and the simplicities of home life.

There's something about New York that stamps it apart from any other city in the nation. Call it what you will—glamour, excitement, tinsel, sham—whatever it is, it's unique. But it's surprising to learn that the city always has had its own distinctive atmosphere, even back in the days when it was New Amsterdam and its head man was Peter Stuyvesant.

The flavor of the place and the time comes through the pages of **PETER STUYVESANT AND HIS NEW YORK**—which bears the apt subtitle, *A Biography of a Man and a City*—the work of **Henry H. Kessler** and **Eugene Rachlis** (Random House, \$4.75). With deftness and zest, the authors recapture the 17 years of the one-legged Dutchman's rule. Typically, just as Baghdad on the Hudson, as O. Henry loved to call it, still seems to

face a crisis every day in 1959, so back in the 17th century the residents tumbled out of bed each morning to find some new problem on their doorsteps.

Good reading for Americana fans; especially readable for New Yorkers and their suburban neighbors.

It's quiz time: *How far is it by auto from New York to Los Angeles?*

That's right, 3,036 miles.

Now: *What American Indians built two roads, one 2,520 miles, along a coast, another over 3,250 mountain miles?*

You're right again if you named the Incas. But I keep up with you only because I've just read an extraordinary volume, **THE INCAS OF PEDRO DE CIEZA DE LEON** (University of Oklahoma Press, \$5.95). Cieza was 13 and scantily schooled when he left Spain in 1535 for a 17-year career as soldier in Peru. How he got the bug to be a historian is one of the mysteries brought out in the introduction by **Victor Wolfgang von Hagen**. He has done an able job of editing and mortaring the old manuscripts into a unified account of one of the most amazing eras of Western-Hemisphere history. The translation is by **Harriet de Onis**.

If history holds fascination for you, this book can mortgage several evenings for you—and pleasantly.

There seems to be no end to books by or about Roosevelts. From the Oyster Bay, or Republican, side of that famous family comes **DAY BEFORE**



Ted Roosevelt and his bride-to-be.

YESTERDAY: THE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR. (Doubleday, \$5.95).

It's a brilliant account by the woman who was overshadowed at her own wedding by 500 of her father-in-law's Rough Riders. It's also a warm portrait of Ted Roosevelt, whose ability and character established him as a dis-

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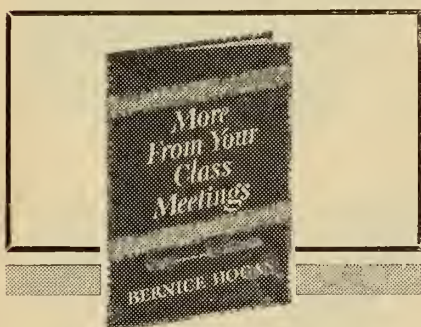
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tinguished American in his own right—a particularly difficult thing to do for the son of as overpowering a father as President Theodore Roosevelt.

I met **Lowell B. Mason** some 10 years ago when he was in Chicago to make a speech at a meeting of small businessmen. His subject was the dangers of bureaucratic tyranny. Yet, as a member of the Federal Trade Commission, Mason was himself a "bureaucrat." He had asked for that appointment because he had felt it was the best way he could combat the petty but dangerous bureaucratic interference he was encountering every day in his practice of corporation law.

And fight it he has—in speeches, interviews, and dissenting opinions throughout the 11 years he was a commissioner. *THE LANGUAGE OF DISSENT* (World, \$5) presents Mason's pungent opinions; they make interesting and important reading.

*Probable-Possible, my black hen,
She lays eggs in the Relative When.
She doesn't lay eggs in the Positive
Now
Because she's unable to postulate
how.*

So goes the first of 45 whimsical verses by **Frederick Winsor** making up *THE SPACE CHILD'S MOTHER GOOSE* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50). Accompanied by Marian Perry's witty pen-and-ink drawings, they turn the vast, cold worlds of space and science into cozier, merrier places.

Of course, such sophisticated doodling with scientific terms, even when they're explained in a glossary in the back, isn't really for children—unless they're unusually erudite tots. But it's a delight to those who find a subtle fascination in the language of the scientists.

Mrs. Barnabas and I've been reading *SAY IT WITH WORDS* (Knopf, \$3.50). It's intended to help dissolve that mental block which rises up in front of most of us when we sit down to write—be it a report, the minutes of a meeting, or a letter. My wife says she thinks it'll help her with her next committee report. I knew it'll help me—for professional writers often have as hard a time putting words on paper as the newest amateur.

Certainly it's warmly and wittily written by a man who not only loves words but is about as expert at writing, speaking, and editing them as anybody you're likely to find. He's **Charles W. Ferguson**, a senior editor of *The Reader's Digest* and the author of five earlier books.

William Peters has written about sports, crime, politics, personalities, and medicine for many publications. In *THE SOUTHERN TEMPER* (Doubleday,

\$3.95) he has produced a book that probes beyond stories of bombings and killings to reveal that for every racial extremist who has openly resisted the Supreme Court's order to desegregate there are several white citizens quietly working to bring a harmonious end to segregation. These are the church women, businessmen, labor leaders, and responsible politicians who represent the silent South—Southerners anxious to uphold law and order and get on with the South's industrial revolution.

Beware! Junior's simple request for a pair of guppies for himself may be the first step toward an aquarium full of exotic fish—for you. But if you're already too far gone to take warning you'll be happy to learn that there's a complete guide to your hobby now in *ALL ABOUT TROPICAL FISH* (Macmillan, \$15) by **Derek McInerny** and **Goefrey Gerard**. It's for beginners as well as experienced aquarists.

John D. Rockefeller amassed the incredible sum of \$900 million by under-cutting, outwitting, and eliminating his competitors in the oil business. And though he also gave away \$550 million to philanthropic causes he was one of the most bitterly hated men of his day. Two generations later the name Rockefeller stands for philanthropy and public service to such an extent that one of old John D.'s grandsons, Nelson, has even been able to become an important contender for the Republican presidential nomination.

William Manchester gives us a colorful profile of four generations of this family in *A ROCKEFELLER FAMILY PORTRAIT: FROM JOHN D. TO NELSON* (Little, Brown, \$3.95). Manchester confesses his own prejudice for John D., whom he terms a "pirate in high style."

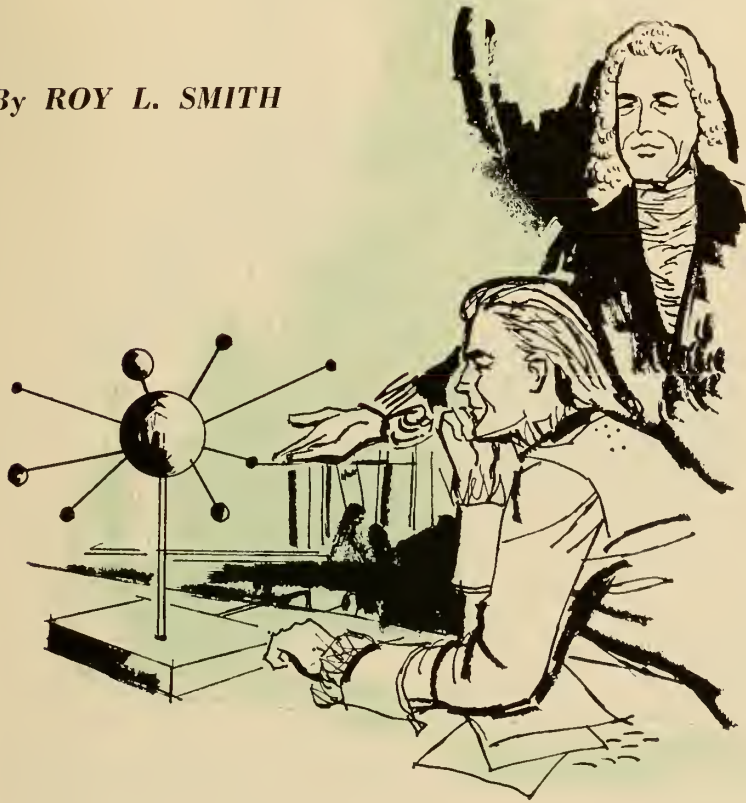
For a soberer, more objective view, read *JOHN D. ROCKFELLER* (Scribner, \$5.95), **William Greenleaf's** one-volume abridgment of **Allan Nevins's** *Study in Power*. It's a scholarly analysis of the man who built, in Standard Oil, "one of the most powerful, complex, and efficient organizations ever created."

I used to wonder how English actor Leslie Howard could look so distinguished in old tweeds whereas I, Barnabas. . . Oh, well, Howard was successful at everything he attempted, be it the stage or motion pictures, acting, writing, producing, or directing. It is not primarily in these roles, however, that he appears in *A QUITE REMARKABLE FATHER* (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.75). This biography by his daughter, **Leslie Ruth Howard**, presents him, quite properly, as a family man and warm human being.

—BARNABAS

Who Made It?

By ROY L. SMITH



SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the great British astronomer, was a devout Christian who held to his convictions. Among his intimate friends, one story goes, was an unbeliever with whom he held long conversations about religion.

In his investigations of the solar system, Sir Isaac employed a skilled mechanic to make a simple copy of the system as revealed to him. A gilded ball represented the sun, and dull gray spheres represented the planets. By turning a crank, the scientist could make their movements approximate the orbits of the heavenly bodies. One day, Sir Isaac's unbelieving friend saw the mechanism and instantly recognized its function.

"What a wonderful thing!" he exclaimed. Then he asked the scientist, "Who made it?"

"No one," Sir Isaac replied. "It just happened. We had some balls, rods, and gears lying about and they just happened to jostle together, and the thing got going."

It is quite possible that this incident is pure invention. But the phi-

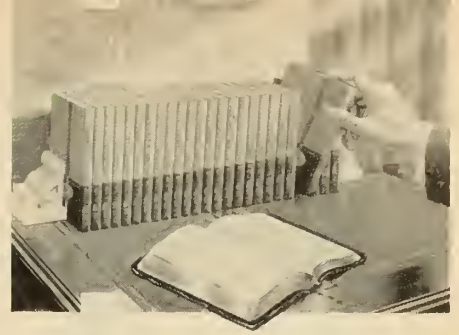
losophy it represents is encountered almost any day in the laboratory of many scientists.

This universe either came together as a result of the action of an original cause, or it just happened! There are no other possible explanations.

In answer to the question of the plain man—"Who made it and what keeps it going?"—there are no other answers than Sir Isaac's. Either "someone" or "nobody" did it. We can take our choice.

To believe that this universe is the product of the activity, power, and intelligence of a Supreme Being calls for a certain type of faith; for even the devout believer there remains a long list of unanswered questions. Mysteries must still be explored and explained; researches must go on; reasons must be sought.

But to believe that our universe is the product of pure accident also calls for a kind of faith that amounts to little more than blind credulity. To believe that "nothing" caused it all is to declare an incredible confidence in chance.



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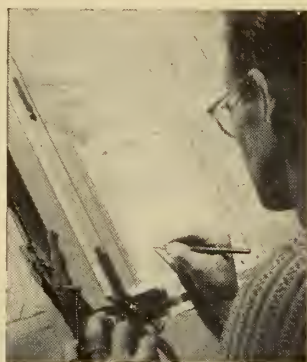
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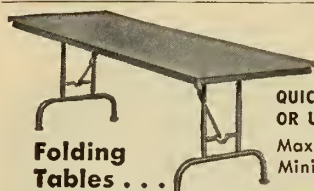


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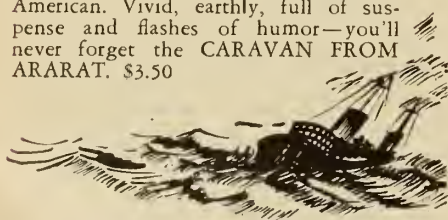
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USUALLY when a man goes out to dinner he knows exactly what he wants. He orders steak or chicken or perhaps swordfish. There are a few times, however, when ordering is difficult because he can't see a thing on the menu that appeals to him. He would like to say to the waiter, "Just bring me a little of everything on the menu," but most restaurants won't cater to the diner who wants to do a little sampling.

There are times when the reader is in that sampling mood, also. He may be tired or have only a few moments, and he would like to have a choice of something long or something short, something old or something new. It would be fine if he could glance at a mystery or short story or read part of an old novel he remembers. But how can this be done?

A few years ago Doubleday published a book in two volumes entitled *Stories to Remember*. They were edited by Thomas B. Costain and John Bee-croft. They contained a number of complete novels and a larger number of short stories. I was so intrigued that I recommended them. To an amazing extent the editors had chosen fiction I liked. The same gentlemen now have produced two more volumes called:

MORE STORIES TO REMEMBER (Doubleday, \$7.50).

I am happy to report that they are just as satisfactory as the previous volumes and I am recommending them to you.

The first novel in Volume I is James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*. If you have not read it, you will enjoy it; if you have read it, you may like to skim it again. Somerset Maugham has a short story called *The Verger*. It has the interesting little twist we expect from Maugham and takes perhaps 15 minutes to read.

One of my early reading memories is Jack London's *The Call of the Wild*. I was delighted to skim parts of it again in this first volume. I do not know whether young people in our time ever read this story, but it was

one of the exciting reading discoveries of my boyhood. B. J. Chute has a short story called *The Juke Box and the Kallikoks*, which has a hillbilly flavor and is full of humor and keen insight.

A. Conan Doyle's *Through the Veil* explores the theme of reliving the past. Doyle was much interested in such esoteric affairs and this has the touch of a fine writer, as well as the convictions of one who did a good deal of psychical research. And Thomas Hardy's *The Three Strangers* reflects all the mystery of the English moors and the strange meeting of a hangman, an escaped convict, and his brother. And there are many other fine stories.

The second volume is even better. For example, I had never read *Good Morning, Miss Dove* by Frances Gray Patton. It is a delightful story and, in a day when education is much in our thought, it makes a significant point. I wish there were more Miss Doves in our school system. William Faulkner's *Turnabout* has a real punch and deals with American and English relationships in the war. In a day when the two nations need to work together, this is a good story to read.

John Galsworthy wrote *Ultima Thule*, frankly a tear jerker, while John Masefield has contributed *Anty Bligh* and Charles Dickens gives us *Sam Weller Makes His Bow*. All are brief and wonderful. Did you ever read Conan Doyle's *The Croxley Master*? If you are secretly addicted to boxing on TV, try it.

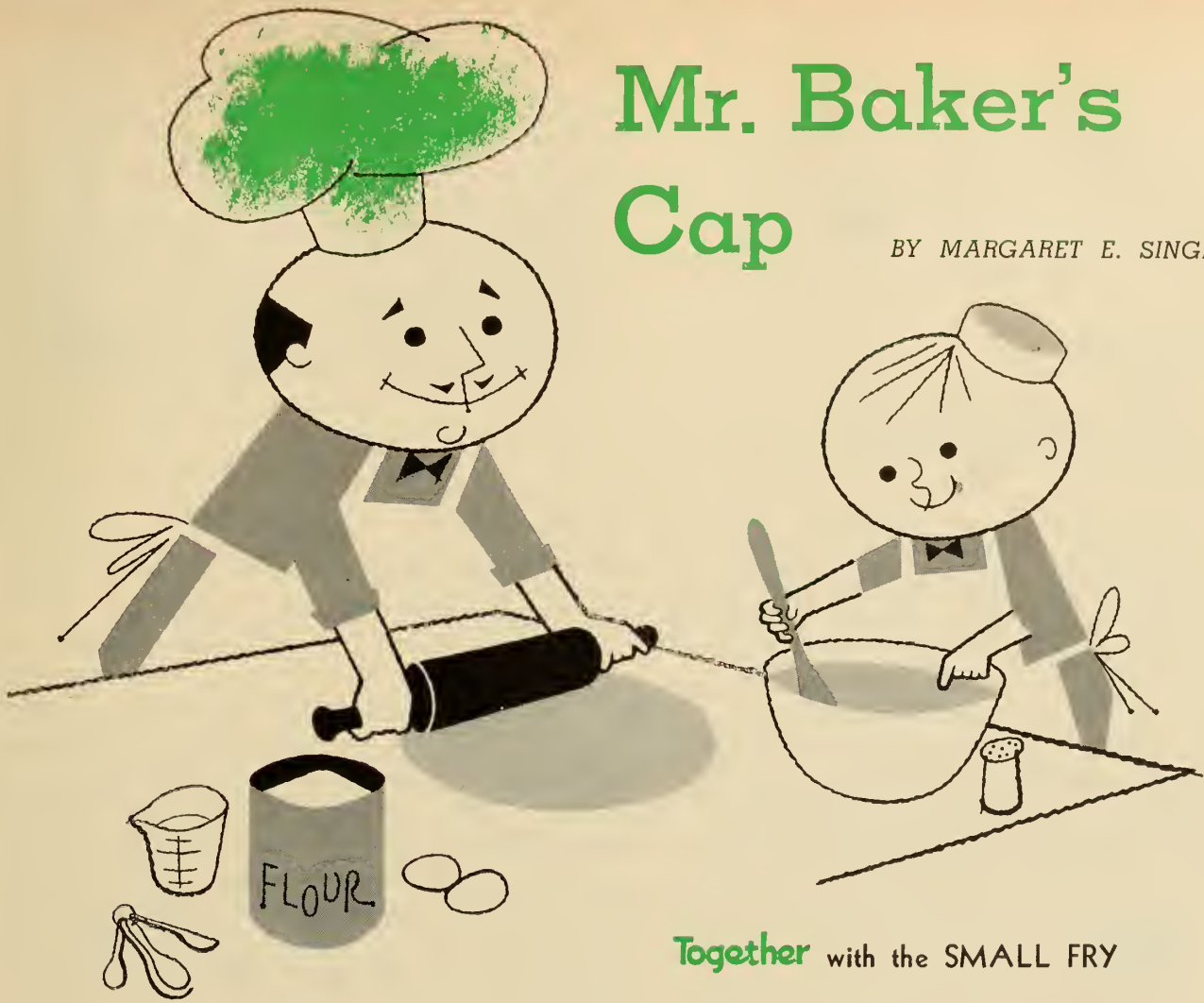
In spite of all the noise about F. Scott Fitzgerald, I have never been a warm admirer of either his personality or his writing. The editors have included *Babylon Revisited*, which gives you a taste of his appeal.

Then to top the whole thing the closing story is Agatha Christie's *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*. It is a classic in the field and if you read it a long time ago, you can stand to read it again. It is one of the best murder mysteries ever written and shows Hercule Poirot and his little gray cells at their best.

I have not mentioned every story, only the ones I liked best. You get a lot for your money—and it's good.

Mr. Baker's Cap

BY MARGARET E. SINGLETON



Together with the SMALL FRY

MR. BAKER was a baker, short, round, and jolly. He made the best pumpkin pies and cherry cupcakes for miles around. His best customer, Lisabeth Little, could hardly wait for them to cool when she came to buy them for her mother.

Mr. Baker came to his bakery every morning long before anyone else was even awake. He changed to his white coat and trousers. Then he put on his tall baker's cap and right away he felt brisk and ready to bake.

He had a young helper called Billy Butterfingers who was always dropping something—usually an egg. But Billy wanted to be a good baker, too, so Mr. Baker let him stay and learn.

Billy watched everything Mr. Baker did, but almost every day he said, "Mr. Baker, I still don't see how you make those pumpkin pies and cherry cupcakes come out right every time."

Mr. Baker would wink and say, "It's my cap, Billy. The minute I put it on I know just what to do." Mr. Baker said this so often that he began to believe it himself. Billy nodded, too. It must be that, he thought, although his own cap didn't seem to make him a good baker.

One morning Mr. Baker arrived at his bakery, but when he reached for his cap it wasn't there.

"Oh dear," he said to himself. "Oh dear. I can't possibly bake pumpkin pies and cherry cupcakes without my cap. I *always* wear my cap." So instead of mixing his flour and butter and things, Mr. Baker sat down and brooded about his cap.

He sat a long time. Lisabeth Little came for some cherry cupcakes and stared at the empty showcase. She peeked into the kitchen. There was Mr. Baker, just sitting.

"Why, Mr. Baker, where are the cherry cupcakes?" she asked. "And the pumpkin pies?"

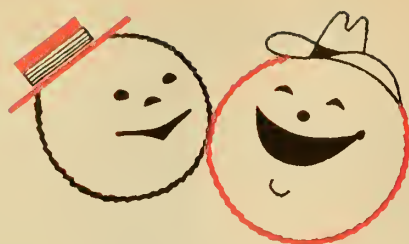
Mr. Baker sighed. "There aren't any. I've lost my cap."

"Oh," said Lisabeth. "That's too bad, but everything else is here. Can't you put them together without your cap?"

Mr. Baker shook his head. "My cap is the secret of my success, as I keep telling Billy." He paused and looked around. "Say, where is Billy?"

"I'll run out and see if he's coming. Maybe he overslept," said Lisabeth.

Mr. Baker sat and looked at the cherries and



Peewee Pumpkins

PEEWEE pumpkins are fun to use as table favors or gifts at Halloween time—and all you need to make them are oranges and construction paper! First, make faces for the oranges. Just cut jack-o'-lantern eyes, noses, and mouths from black paper. Next, paste the shapes on the oranges, making each peewee pumpkin different. Then design your own hats for the peewees from colorful paper. And that's all there is to it—except for the fun of eating the oranges when Halloween is over!



A Prayer About Practice

SOMETIMES, dear God, I forget that if I am to do things well when I am grown up, I must learn to do little things well now. Sometimes I wish I didn't have to do anything except play, but then I probably wouldn't be very happy after I became a grownup. That is why I hope you will help children like me to practice hard things now—like piano scales and good manners and sharing things. Thank you, God. Amen.

flour and sugar and pumpkins some more. He was beginning to wonder how he would stay in business if he never found his cap. Suddenly the kitchen door opened and Billy stuck his head in.

"I'm awfully late," he said.

"It doesn't really matter," Mr. Baker said. "I'm not baking today, anyway. I've lost my cap. I've looked everywhere but I can't find it."

"But it isn't lost," cried Billy. He brought it out from behind his back where he had been hiding it.

"You had it?" Mr. Baker asked in astonishment. "What for?"

"I borrowed it to practice in," said Billy. "You always say it's the secret of your success, but it doesn't work."

"It doesn't?" Mr. Baker put it on his head. Right away he felt brisk and ready to bake.

"Not unless you're a good baker anyway, I guess," Billy said.

"Hm," said Mr. Baker. He took the cap off. He still felt brisk and ready to bake. He smiled at Billy. "I believe you're right. It isn't the cap at all. It's all my years of practice that make me a good baker. I'm just used to wearing the cap."

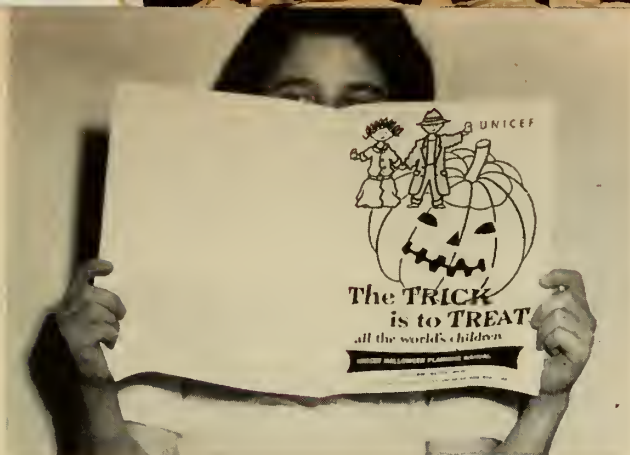
He put it on again and began to bustle about. "You stay out at the counter and tell folks that things will be a little late," he said. "And don't worry, Billy. If you keep practicing, someday you'll be a first-class baker—in your own cap!"

Happy Jack

*My jack-o'-lantern's laughing,
My jack-o'-lantern's gay;
He scares no one, he's just for fun;
I like him best this way!*

—IDA M. PARDUE





*Late October's ghosts and goblins
now have the world's needy children
—not mischief—on their minds.*

"Dear UNICEF," Denise wrote. "We would like to help. . ." Soon she received this "how-to" material.

On Halloween:

The Trick Is to Treat

TRADITIONS aren't changed easily. But in less than a decade Halloween, once a night of mischief, has done an about-face. As a result, on the evening of October 31, some 2 million youngsters in nearly 10,000 communities will pound on doors, cry "Trick or treat"—and ask for contributions to UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund. And the youngsters now are hoping they'll collect even more than last year's \$1.25 million.

This newest of holiday traditions has grown astonishingly in the nine years since a Sunday-school class in a small Pennsylvania town started the ball rolling. Members that year voted to send their "treats" pennies to UNICEF, which had been created in 1946 to give emergency aid to children and mothers in war-torn nations. Today, its work extended

indefinitely, UNICEF helps develop long-range, self-help programs for disease control, proper nutrition, and health services in over 100 needy countries and territories.

Because private contributions are urgently needed, American youngsters are pitching in. They have learned, for example, that a penny will prevent TB in a Chilean baby; that a nickel will buy penicillin to cure a Nigerian child of yaws; that for the price of a comic book, 50 children in India can be given a glass of milk. To these American youngsters, UNICEF is the UN—with a child's face.

Here, in pictures taken by her mother, is what happened in Mount Kisco, N.Y., when Denise Orr, 12, mobilized her Methodist Sunday-school class for a special—and meaningful—Halloween adventure in sharing.

Helped by the kit, Denise convinces her Sunday-school classmates they should sponsor a UNICEF Halloween.





Posters help, too. Denise's silhouettes a milk-drinking child against a global backdrop.



The plans call for a doorbell ringers' party, so Denise whips up a batch of tasty cookies.



As zero hour nears, Sunday schoolers hand out data after church. Even junior-choir robes are covered then with UNICEF sandwich boards.



In costume, the children memorize UNICEF facts so they can answer questions put by community's residents.

Nervous? Sure she is at her first stop. But when the first coin tinkles in the box—well, that smile shows how Denise feels.





The drive is over; time to relax at the party given by the WSCS. It's special fun because children know they've helped the world's needy.



Denise writes, "Dear UNICEF," again. "Here is the check for money that we children of the Mount Kisco Methodist Church collected on Halloween. . . ." Their \$140 meant milk and medicine—perhaps life itself—for children in far-off lands.

Star Gazing

AN EASY LESSON

By HOWARD J. CLINEBELL, JR.

"IF THE STARS should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Future historians may say the Space Age began two years ago this month, when Sputnik I hurdled the first barriers to infinity. Millions, never before interested, began searching the night skies for a glimpse of that tiny sphere. For many, however, the big discovery was not the man-made satellite but earth's incomparable original, our moon, and its celestial neighbors. Result: Since Sputnik, the number of star gazers has zoomed—if you will pardon the pun—astronomically.

What is a star gazer? Simply a person like me who enjoys gazing into the heavens fairly regularly with at least a little understanding of what he sees. That's why I call myself a star gazer; most of what I know of astronomy I've learned on my own, or from friendly amateurs. Anyone else can similarly pick up a workable

knowledge of astronomy just as easily. Learning to identify about 25 main constellations (many more are visible from the U.S.) and a dozen or so bright stars is a fine start.

The beginning star gazer needs only his eyes. Binoculars, of course, are a help—and eventually most star gazers want a small, inexpensive telescope. Actually, you can save money and add to your pleasure by grinding your own 'scope mirrors or lenses. My factory-built telescope, a reflecting type with a mirror $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, cost \$30, plus \$10 for two extra-power eyepieces. For the same amount, I could have bought materials for a six-inch model worth at least \$100. If you decide on a home-made 'scope, read Allyn J. Thomp-

son's *Making Your Own Telescope* (Sky Publishing Co., \$4).

No matter what telescope you use, you're sure to share the awe expressed more than 4,000 years ago by a star-gazing shepherd: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork" [Psalms 19:1]. The magnificence of the heavens fills the hearts of almost all who turn their eyes and thoughts in that direction.

Some 3,000 stars, each a reflection of God's "handywork," rolled before the psalmist's vision on a clear night; in the course of a year, he probably could see about 6,000. The same is true for us today. Yet in the single galaxy, or "star city," in which the earth moves, there are probably 100



There's plenty to see in the heavens—especially with a telescope. This type, a reflector, is popular with most amateurs.

billion stars. And to date astronomers have found nearly 2 million galaxies.

Astronomy quickly takes us to the limits of human comprehension. But even so, don't get discouraged. Our universe, while infinite, is orderly. And although we know pitifully little about it, scientists have classified our knowledge for easier understanding. Here are concepts to remember:

The Universe. There is one, of unknown vastness.

Galaxies. Millions, of varied sizes and shapes, are scattered through the universe. Our own is a huge wheel of stars spinning through space. It is perhaps 100,000 light years across and a tenth as thick. (A light year is the distance a ray of light, speeding at 186,000 miles a second, can travel in 365 days.) What we see as the Milky Way really is a side view of stars in the most congested part of our galaxy. Our sun is one star about 26,000 light years from the galaxy's apparent center.

Stars. All are suns giving off their own light. All are moving rapidly—yet, because they are so far away, most seem to stand still even through centuries. The closest is our sun, 93 million miles distant. The next nearest is about 300,000 times farther away. Stars vary immensely in weight, size, and brightness. Their light may be produced by nuclear explosions; their color, varying from blue-white to dull red, helps indicate their age, brilliance, size, and temperature. Stars are classified by color and by magnitude, which describes a star's apparent brightness and depends on both its actual brightness and its distance from us.

More than a third of all known stars are "double"—two so close they look like one to the unaided eye. Some have as many as six parts. Many are called "variable" because they fluctuate in brightness, usually in a regular cycle.

Constellations. These are arrangements of stars in mythical shapes or outlines, such as the Pegasus, the flying horse; Scorpius, the scorpion, or Equuleus, the colt. As a beginner, you may have trouble finding the resemblance, but your imagination soon will reveal it. Without such celestial guideposts, you'll be lost.

The Solar System. Our earth is in a tight community of nine major planets, 31 moons, thousands of minor planets (asteroids), scores of comets, and millions of meteors. All orbit the sun, which alone makes up 99 per cent of the system's total weight.

Earth. Our planet is midway in size; four others are larger, four smaller. Only two, Mars and Venus, are nearer the sun. Earth rotates around its axis once a day, and makes a 600-million-mile jaunt around the sun every year (speed: $18\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second). Even the axis wobbles according to a 26,000-year cycle. Our whole solar system constantly moves 12 miles a second toward the constellation Hercules, while whirling in our galaxy at about 170 miles a second.

The Moon. About a fourth Earth's diameter, our satellite circles us once every 27 $\frac{1}{3}$ days. Being only 240,000 miles away, it is easy to observe. But no one has seen the "dark" side.

Comets and Meteors. Nearly all are believed to be in orbit around the sun. Halley's Comet, for instance, comes into view once every 76 years, next in 1986. Comet tails are thin streams of gases and dust pointing away from the sun. Meteors, misnamed "shooting stars," are odd bits

of flying metal or stone that burn when they hit Earth's atmosphere.

Obviously, there is plenty to see. My wife and two oldest children enjoy viewing Earth's moon and the four largest of Jupiter's 12, Saturn's rings, the double-star cluster in the constellation Perseus, and the great gas nebula (Latin for cloud) in Orion's sword. Observation of the moon is best when it isn't full; then its seas, valleys, and ridges are best defined by shadows.

Star gazing is finest on a clear, moonless night with no lights nearby. My first observations were from a Long Island church parking lot, where an MYFer introduced me to the stars through his homemade telescope. I learned early to dress warmly (star gazing is no fun if you're shivering) and to be comfortable. Now, for scanning with binoculars or my unaided eyes, I like a reclining lawn chair.

The 6,000 stars visible yearly to the naked eye multiply to over 50,000 with good binoculars—and to some 300,000 with a relatively small telescope. Mt. Palomar's 200-inch giant probably can pick out 1 billion.

As a first step, I recommend some general reading on astronomy. Many good books are available. Of those I own, the most useful are:

This typical reflecting telescope catches light with a mirror, beams it to a magnifying eyepiece on one side.



Field Book of the Skies, by William T. Olcott (Putnam, \$5).

New Handbook of the Heavens, by Bernhard, Bennett, and Rice (Mentor, 50¢).

Astronomy Made Simple, by Meir H. Degani (Made Simple Books, \$1).

For current astronomical news and events, I recommend *Sky and Telescope* magazine (Sky Publishing Co., \$4 a year).

If possible, join a local astronomy club. The largest national organization is the Amateur Astronomers' Association, 201 W. 79th St., New York City. Other national groups specialize in observing such things as variable stars, meteors, the moon, and the planets. Remember, too, that most observatories and the six planetaria (in New York, Chicago, Chapel Hill, N.C., Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles) have regular visiting hours.

But the main thing is to get outside with a star chart and observe. Star gazing is fine in "October's bright blue weather," as a poet once described it. Around the middle of the month, watch especially for meteor showers near the constellation Orion. And East Coast residents have a rare chance just after sunrise Oct. 2 to see at least part of a total eclipse. It will be complete over Massachusetts, but even as far away as New York City 93 per cent of the sun will be blocked out. Use smoked glass; the sun's direct rays—especially through a telescope—can damage the eyes.

Perhaps because of my special interest in pastoral counseling, I have found one great personal benefit in star gazing. Theodore Roosevelt had discovered it, too. He had a frequent habit of picking out the great nebula in Andromeda. Its tremendous dimensions dwarfed his own cares and soothed his path to sleep.

I had a similar experience while serving my first church. Returning home one night, weary and distressed by a thorny parish problem, I leaned against a tree and looked up. The heavens were dotted with stars.

"They've been there for millions of years," I told myself. "They'll be there a long time after I'm gone. Is my problem really worth getting so worked up about?"

Almost at once, the load lifted. The stars gave me a true perspective. I knew that God, who holds the giant galaxies and each of us humans in the palm of his hand, had answered my question.

Name Your Hobby

AMATEUR RADIO: Amel Ray Taylor (KN8LFP), 500 Roosevelt Ave., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Thomas Mount, 31 Rumson Pl., Red Bank, N.J. (short-wave listening).

ANNUAL CONFERENCE JOURNALS: Robert L. Oglesby, Box 2087, Philrich Branch, Borger, Tex. (from Northwest Texas and Central Texas conferences).

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BOOKS: Mrs. Helen Myers, Box 81, Oaktown, Ind. (old).

BUTTER PATS: Mrs. Lester R. Fox, RR 6, Paris, Ill. (antique china).

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FIGURINES: Frances Werner, 3736 Grover Ave., Hammond, Ind. (of horses).

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GHOST STORIES: Edwin D. Bernard, 3915 Fairfield Ave., Baton Rouge, La.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS: R. W. Patridge, 474 Siebert St., Columbus 6, Ohio.

HORTICULTURE: Carmen Kennedy, Clarendon, Ark.

MINIATURES: Felix C. Robb, 1809 Capers Ave., Nashville, Tenn. (historical or fictional personages, limit three inches high).

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: Porter Nickens, R. 1, Box 90, Lewisburg, Tenn. (old; now looking for five-octave Beckwith church organ with 11 or 15 stops, in oak cabinet with round lampstands).

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STEREOSCOPES: H. R. McLaughlin, 8 Carrizo Dr., Santa Barbara, Calif. (and stereoscopic pictures).

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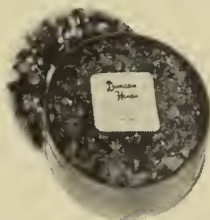


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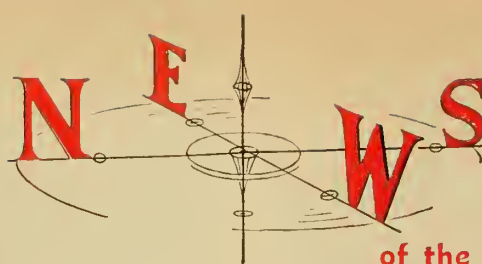


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RURAL CHURCH TOLD: 'FACE UP TO THE TIMES'

Nearly 1,100 leaders of Methodism's town and country churches have met in Wichita, Kans., to ponder the church's role in the changing pattern of American life. The fourth quadrennial National Methodist Town and Country Conference, called by the Council of Bishops, was directed by the Division of National Missions. Bishop Edwin E. Voigt, Aberdeen, S.Dak., was chairman.

Conferees appraised the existing churches of town and country communities (less than 10,000 population), measured them against the needs of their people, and considered changes needed to fulfill Christian goals more effectively. In addition, they called for churches throughout the nation to give similar study to their problems.

Delegates also urged greater effort to deepen and clarify the faith of individual Methodists and to translate beliefs into action. They urged local churches to exercise more flexibility in organizing and to accept change when it will help meet varied needs in different parts of the country.

They called for strengthening Town and Country Commissions in Annual Conferences, suggested possible realignment of charge and circuit boundaries to give every minister a full "load of work" and adequate salary, and asked congregations to try to understand the special problems of minority groups.

The conferees suggested that churches seek ways to shift routine nonpastoral duties to laymen, giving ministers and district superintendents greater time for direct pastoral responsibilities. Local congregations were urged to lead in efforts for social, physical, educational, and recreational betterment.

Special recognition was paid to four rural church leaders: Dr. Dutton S. Peterson, Odessa, N.Y.; Dr. Arthur W. Hewitt, Riverton, Vt.; Dr. Aaron A. Rapking, Hiwassee, Tenn., and Dr. A. J. Walton, Durham, N.C.

Meeting on the eve of the Conference, the Methodist Rural Fellowship elected Dr. Garland Stafford of Wilkesboro, N.C., president, succeeding Dr. Elliott L. Fisher of San Jose, Calif. The fellowship is an unofficial group of laymen and ministers concerned with the welfare of the rural church.

Predicts Religion of Future

Religion of the future will emphasize meeting people's psychological needs, which are the same as spiritual needs, predicts Dr. Mark Depp, pastor of Centenary Church, Winston-Salem, N.C. It will not, he adds, "be primarily sacramental or doctrinal."

Sacraments, such as Baptism and Communion, will be regarded as "means of grace when devoutly used,"



Cited as outstanding rural-church leaders at Town and Country Conference were, from left, Dutton S. Peterson, Arthur W. Hewitt, A. J. Walton, Aaron A. Rapking.



The 49th state's first Mrs. Alaska is Methodist Jane Hartman, active promoter of Alaska Methodist University.

but not as "possessing any magic in themselves." Doctrines, or beliefs, will "have their value not in themselves but in the meaning and purpose which they give to life."

Religion is moving in this direction now, Dr. Depp feels, as churches provide classes and seminars on problems people face, and as seminaries train men to counsel individuals as well as to preach.

Japan Plans Protestant Week

Yearlong celebration of Japan's Protestant centennial will be highlighted November 1-7, Centennial Assembly Week, when mass meetings, including youth and women's rallies and a music festival, will be held in Tokyo. In addition, department stores will display Christian exhibits, visitors will tour Protestant institutions and historical sites, and radio-TV stations will broadcast Christian music and drama.

Of special interest to Methodists will be the concurrent celebration of the 70th anniversary of 10,000-student Kwansei Gakuin, Methodist-founded school in Nishinomiya. Bishop Arthur J. Moore, Atlanta, Ga., will help dedicate the school's new chapel, to which U.S. Methodists have given a \$7,000 organ.

New Aid for Two Institutions

Duke University, Durham, N.C., has received a \$78,500 biological-research grant from the National Science Foundation. The Methodist-related school will use the money to build a laboratory for marine studies and additions to seminar and assembly halls.

Nebraska Methodist Hospital, Omaha, has been given a government loan of \$515,000 to help build a nurses' dormitory addition and apartments for families of the hospital interns.

Board Opposes Merger

The Board of Temperance's executive committee is opposed to merger "at this time" with the Boards of World Peace and Social and Economic Relations. In announcing its stand, the Board said it was influenced by "the great progress now being made by the three Boards toward the creative solution of many grave social issues" and the "successful experiments currently in operation."

Merger possibilities are being studied by the Co-ordinating Council, in cooperation with the Boards, and a major report on the subject will be laid before the 1960 General Conference.

The committee urged especially the retention of Board of Temperance headquarters in Washington, D.C., because "the interests of Christian social concerns are inextricably related to the processes of legislation, government administration, and enforcement of regulations."

Earlier, the Board of World Peace spoke out against the merger, but the Board of Social and Economic Relations approved it "with enthusiasm."

Russians View U.S. Religion

The American National Exhibition in Moscow has given Russians an insight into Americans' religious life as well as a view of their secular activities. Displays have included Bibles, religious paintings, slides of church architecture, and pieces of sculpture such as Bernard Reder's *Adam and Eve. The Messiah*, Bach oratorios, and other sacred works were played on hi-fi sets.

The show contrasted sharply with the Soviet exhibition in New York, which virtually ignored religion.

Music: Good and Easy

Methodist musicians face the challenge of providing music technically easy enough for small churches, yet artistically and theologically sound, Dr. William C. Rice, president, has told the National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians.

Composers, he added, are becoming increasingly interested in church music.

Study Theology in 'Trial Year'

Thirteen Methodist students are entering a "trial year" of study in theological seminaries this fall under Rockefeller Brothers Theological Fellowships to determine if they want to enter the ministry. They are:

Yale Divinity School—Peter N. Crossland, Zanesville, Ohio; Frank L. Dent, Houston, Tex.; LeRoy T. Howe, Coral Gables, Fla.; Robert E. Paulen, Warsaw, Ind., and Larry L. Rose, Greenville, Pa.

Union Theological Seminary, New York City—Allison R. Ensor, Cookeville, Tenn.; Charley D. Hard-



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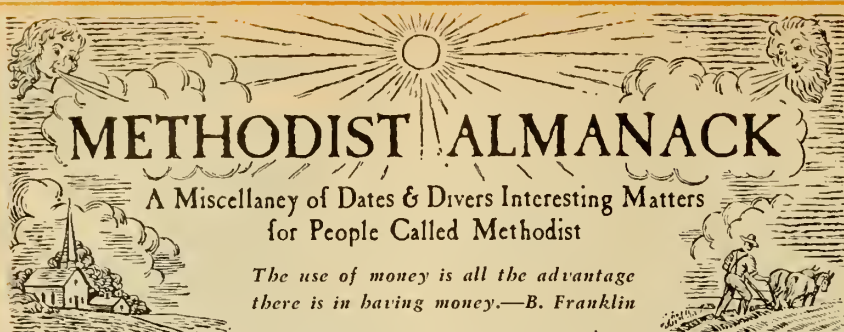
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OCTOBER hath XXXI days

10th Month

Good for the body is the work of the body,
good for the soul the work of the soul, and
good for either the work of the other.—H. D. Thoreau

- 1 Th Employ the Physically Handicapped Week
- 2 Fr Eclipse of sun along U.S. East Coast
- 3 Sa W. C. Gorgas, contr'd yellw fevr, b., 1854
- 4 S World-wide Communion Sunday
- 5 M *Be ashamed to catch yourself idle*
- 6 Tu Wm. Tyndale, Engl. reformer, executed 1536
- 7 W Henry Alford, author of hymn, "Come Ye Thankful People, Come," b., 1810
- 8 Th Brantley A. York, blind prchr-founder Trinity College (now Duke Univ.), d., 1891
- 9 Fr Rand.-Macon Col. opens, Boydton, Va., 1832
- 10 Sa First conference of Nova Scotia Mission convenes at Halifax, 1786
- 11 S Bp Levi W. Scott, b., 1802, Odessa, Del.
- 12 M J. Wesley wrote, 1774: "What can delight always, but knowledge & love of God?"
- 13 Tu Bd of Social & Economic Relations meets
- 14 W Council of Evangelism mission, Hollywood
- 15 Th Dedicate Meth. Ch., Svedenborg, Den., 1882
- 16 Fr L. Fowler at Nacogdoches, Tex., 1837
- 17 Sa Alb. Einstein, refugee, arrives U.S., 1933
- 18 S *Laymen's Day—United Nations Week*
- 19 M Benj. Wofford, college founder, b., 1780
- 20 Tu Buy top of Methodist Hill for \$1.70 to bld Old Radnor Ch., Rosemont, Pa., 1783
- 21 W Prchr Isaac Owen arrives Sacramento, 1849
- 22 Th Wm. Seward, 1st Meth. martyr, d., 1741
- 23 Fr Indian Mission Conf. convenes at Riley's Chapel, E. of Tahlequah, Okla., 1844
- 24 Sa R. Boardman & Jos. Pilmoor, Meth. missionaries from Eng., reach N.J., 1769
- 25 S *WSCS Week of Prayer & Self-Denial*
- 26 M Read St. Matthew 5:17
- 27 Tu *One to-day is worth two to-morrows*
- 28 W F. Asbury preaches first sermon in Amer., St. George's, Philadelphia, 1771
- 29 Th 1st peacetime draft drawing, 1940
- 30 Fr Dedicate Wesley Chapel, N.Y. City, 1768
- 31 Sa Nevada admitted to Union, 1864

■ William Tyndale, an important power in the Reformation, was born on the Welsh border. Educated at Oxford and ordained a priest, he was determined to give the English a Bible in their own language. When published in Cologne, his New Testament was suppressed by the church. Copies smuggled into England were confiscated. He was imprisoned in Brussels, tried for heresy, condemned, strangled, and burned.

■ Itinerant preacher Littleton Fowler is known as "One of the sweetest spirits that ever belonged to the Methodist ministry in the West." One of three missionaries sent in 1837, he became superintendent of the Texas Mission in 1838, succeeding Martin Ruter.

■ William Seward, blinded by stones at Caerlon, was killed by a ruffian while preaching at Hay, England. Before dying, he prayed for his murderer and begged that no attempt be made to punish him.



Wm. Seward's grave

Said an aged native convert of one island, after receiving his first Bible: "My brethren and sisters, this is my resolve, the dust shall never cover my new Bible; the moth shall never eat it; the mildew shall not rot it; my light, my joy!"

—1857 Methodist Almanac

wick, Clovis, N.Mex.; Helen M. Kirk, Tacoma, Wash., and Robert W. Wingard, Montgomery, Ala.

Harvard Divinity School—Charles W. Brockwell, Jr., Greer, S.C., and Kenneth C. Prewitt, Alton, Ill.

University of Chicago theological schools—Dan R. Landt, Pound Ridge, N.Y.; Guy Martin, Hamilton, N.Y.

New Look in Churches

A swimming pool, snack bar, and tennis court are among innovations expected to boost membership in St. Peter's Methodist Church, being built in Louisville, Ky.

With nearly \$150,000 in donated labor and materials, the Rev. John Weir, a former carpenter, has brought "new thinking" to church construction. A 16-foot bulletin board, a slide and swings, and basketball facilities also are planned.

Biblical First Aid

The American National Red Cross has announced that it is abandoning respiratory apparatus, manual respiration, and similar methods of resuscitation in favor of the biblical method of direct mouth-to-mouth breathing into lungs of a drowning or shock victim.

Elisha, in reviving the Shunammite woman's child (II Kings 4:32-34) "... lay upon the child, putting his mouth upon his mouth ... the flesh of the child became warm."

Poor Better Givers

Poor people in small sects give with "sacrificial urgency," while those of wealthy communions lag in church support, a National Council of Churches stewardship conference in New York has been told.

"Those who share most fully in our opulence support the church only when it supports the value system that elevates material production to supremacy," the Rev. Albert Rasmussen of the Pacific School of Religion told the group.

Build in Seoul, Delhi

A \$100,000 Methodist church has been dedicated in Seoul as a memorial to Korean Bishop J. S. Ryang, who disappeared at the outbreak of the Korean War, presumably a victim of the Communists.

Another Methodist church, costing \$144,000, is under construction in Delhi, India. Ohio Methodists have given it \$69,000, and First Church, Glendale, Calif., \$25,000.

Study Religion, Schools

A document considered an important step in forming a position on religion in the public schools now is being studied by the National Council of



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It declares that neutrality concerning God's existence is impossible and calls on schools to reflect a fundamental faith even though they do not teach any concept of God in a formal way.

Restyle 'Christian Advocate'

The New Christian Advocate, monthly magazine for pastors and church leaders, changes its name, format, and frequency October 1.

On that date it reverts to its old name, *Christian Advocate*, with which it began in 1826. It will be printed on a larger page size and will be published on alternate Thursdays.

In announcing the change, Lovick Pierce, Methodist Publishing House president and publisher, said the purpose of the redesigned magazine is to provide more editorial content beamed at presenting through editorials, articles, departments, and special features "a Christian perspective on live issues of the day." It also will carry an objective review of news aimed at showing trends and meanings in Christian thought and the mission of the church.

While designed primarily for ministers, it also will be available to others at \$5 a year.

The New Christian Advocate was established in 1956 at the time the General Conference approved creation of *TOGETHER* and *NCA* as twin publications. They were continuations of the original *Advocate*, but with specialized functions, serving Methodist families and pastors respectively. No change is being made in that policy.

Dr. T. Otto Nall, who was editor of *The New Christian Advocate*, continues as *Christian Advocate* editor.

'Ham,' 15, Puts CE on Air

A handy lad to have at a big convention is 15-year-old Charles H. Emely, a Philadelphia "ham" radio operator. Recently, for example, he set up his short-wave station at the International Society of Christian Endeavor assembly, sent out portions of taped talks to other



Charles Emely: He's a handy "ham."

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The United States Public Health Service has published a booklet of vital interest to all who care about their hearing. This booklet, entitled "How to Protect Your Hearing," tells what can cause a loss of hearing, and how to guard against losing your hearing. It offers valuable suggestions to those who have suffered a hearing loss. It explains the problems of hearing difficulties in children. To obtain a free copy of this reliable, authoritative booklet, simply fill out the coupon below.

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1 Timothy 4, verse 13

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Lay Cornerstone at AMU

Leading Alaskans have joined officials of The Methodist Church in cornerstone-laying ceremonies for the first building of Alaska Methodist University, Anchorage, due to open in the fall of 1960.

Among those participating were Bishop A. Raymond Grant, Portland, Oreg.; Anchorage's Acting Mayor Bennie Leonard; Maj. Gen. C. J. Neccason, commander, Alaska Air Command; the Rev. Fred McGinnis, superintendent of Methodist work in Alaska, and the Rev. P. Gordon Gould, Division of National Missions, Philadelphia, Pa.

The \$1.2-million structure will house all university facilities until other buildings are erected.

Bishop Watkins to Retire

Bishop William T. Watkins, 64, Louisville, Ky., will retire October 15 for health reasons and because he would otherwise face "the most strenuous 12 months" of his 21 years as a bishop.

The life expectancy of the bishop, who suffers from a coronary condition, is "greatly enhanced" by his decision to retire, his doctors said.

NEWS DIGEST

BIRTH-CONTROL AID. A presidential study committee on foreign aid has recommended that the U.S. supply information on birth-control programs to friendly nations seeking it.

AQUATENNIAL QUEEN. A Methodist minister's daughter who is Minneapolis' 1959 Aquatennial (summer festival) queen is taking a year's leave of absence from college to participate in "royal" activities, includ-

CENTURY CLUB

Methodists are long livers! Together has received the names of three more who qualify for the Century Club:

Charles Becker, 100, Steedman, Mo.

James Elam, 104, Wise, Va.

Mrs. Sarah Roberts, 100, Hardin, Mont.

Names of other Methodists, 100 or older, will be published as they are received from readers.

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PART TIME MINISTER of visitation for suburban Methodist Church in Los Angeles area. Address J. R. Lackland, 14504 Greenleaf Street, Sherman Oaks, California.

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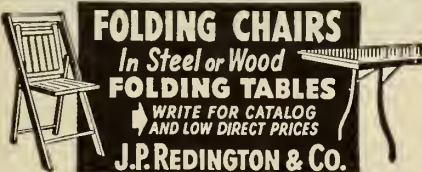
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ing a trip abroad. She is Gail Nygaard, 19, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Alvin Nygaard, Simpson Church, Minneapolis.

HEADS BIBLE WEEK. H. E. Humphreys, Jr., chairman of the board, United States Rubber Company, is chairman of National Bible Week, October 19-25. The Week is sponsored by the inter-faith Laymen's National Committee, Inc.

SHRINERS' CHAPLAIN. Dr. Frank A. Court, pastor, St. Paul Methodist Church, Lincoln, Nebr., has been named imperial chaplain of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

URGES TEMPERANCE PUSH. A "massive campaign for temperance" among youths, hitting at narcotics and tobacco as well as liquor, has been proposed by Dr. E. W. Gates, retiring president, International Society for Christian Endeavor.

Shoot for the Moon: Looking for new tools to conquer? Here's an idea that fills the bill: Combine your photography with star gazing (see page 65). The simplest camera will do, but you'll also need fast B&W film (such as Tri-X or Super Hypan), a tripod, and a cable release. To film star trails, set up away from earthly lights, center the North Star in your view finder, and expose about two hours with lens open wide and range finder at infinity. More fun yet are telescope moon shots. For all but single-lens or press-type cameras, move a sheet of paper away from the telescope eyepiece to where the image is smallest and sharpest. Place the camera's lens there. Then, with black paper, make a light-tight tube between camera lens and telescope, focus at infinity, and expose about 1/5 second at f/5.6. Longer exposures usually blur because of the earth's rotation. Fall skies are clear, so get started!

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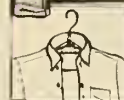
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Inadvertently omitted from our August issue was credit for photos on pages 57-58, taken by Carroll Van Ark.

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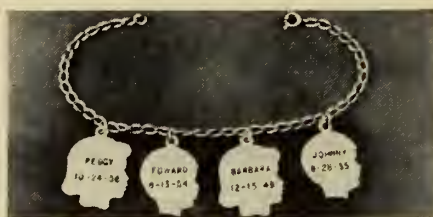
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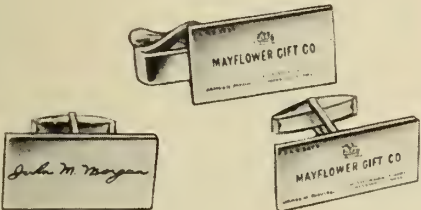
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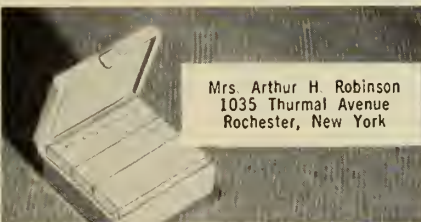
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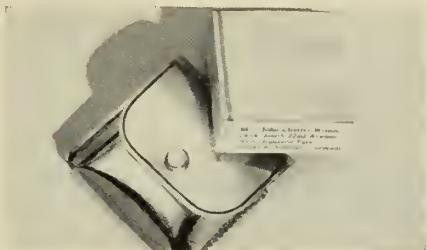
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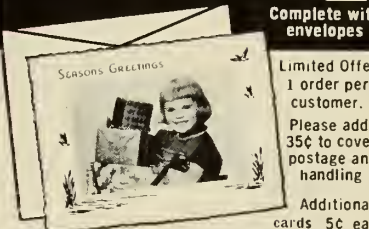
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Elopers Herb, a Catholic, and Marilyn, a Protestant, are warned of problems by her parents. But she says, "We love each other, Daddy."

Both faiths agree there's rough water ahead . . .

When Protestant and Catholic Marry



THE POET VERGIL first mused that "love conquers all" back in pre-Christian Rome. Since then, 2,000 years have gone by, but many people still believe this three-word formula can solve all marital differences—even the problems that lie in wait when those of different faiths become husband and wife.

Time has shown that love alone cannot conquer all. Nevertheless, this sentimental hope still lures young couples into interfaith marriage with no knowledge of its hidden dangers. This is particularly true of the day-to-day stresses that must be overcome if the union is to be happy. The result, all too often, is tragedy.

A Jesuit sociologist and a Harvard professor who surveyed mixed marriages recently summarized: "Those

The newlyweds soon find that love isn't the magic panacea for their "minor" differences. Each Sunday they go to separate churches.



Sharp words fly when Herb declares birth control is "out" and Marilyn realizes they can't even discuss it. After a long, angry silence, Herb asks, "Marilyn, what's happening to us?"

who marry into different faiths have four times as many divorces and desertions, and between two and three times as many children with at least one arrest for delinquent acts."

Actually, children are usually harder hit than parents. Divorce statistics show what happens when the marriage partners can't compromise their differences. They reveal nothing of the tensions that throttle countless other mixed marriages which never reach outright separation or divorce—sometimes only because of the Catholic church's prohibition of divorce [see *If My Daughter Should Want to Marry a Catholic*, November, 1956, page 27]. Statistics do not show how many homes have been tormented by endless arguments over birth control, or children's schooling, or their religious training. They do not tell how many children born of interfaith marriages are being reared with no church affiliation whatever because their parents can't agree on which church the youngsters should attend.

Ministers, priests, and rabbis agree that interfaith marriage is treacherous. No one faith, they say, is at fault. The blame lies in a head-in-the-sand belief that romantic love and mutual respect are the cure-alls.

This attitude—and the problems it cannot solve—come into sharp focus in a new motion picture, *One Love—Conflicting Faiths*, produced jointly by the Board of Education's Department of the Christian Family and by the Television, Radio, and Film Commission. Just released, it tells the distressing story of Marilyn, a Protestant, and Herb, a Catholic, who learn by bitter experience that love alone is not enough for a happy marriage.

The film does not attempt a pat solution, for none is possible. But it does give a frank picture of what happens in thousands of homes when young couples run headlong into religious problems they thought could never affect them. And it has special significance this month as Protestants around the world assess the fundamental principles of their faith on Oct. 31, Reformation Day.

Later, with Marilyn pregnant, she and Herb realize they must decide about the child's religious education. The hard fact is that, if each remains true to his faith, compromise is impossible.





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